PILOT ISSUE 1953

Chicago

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West of the Water Tower

The Muntz Jet

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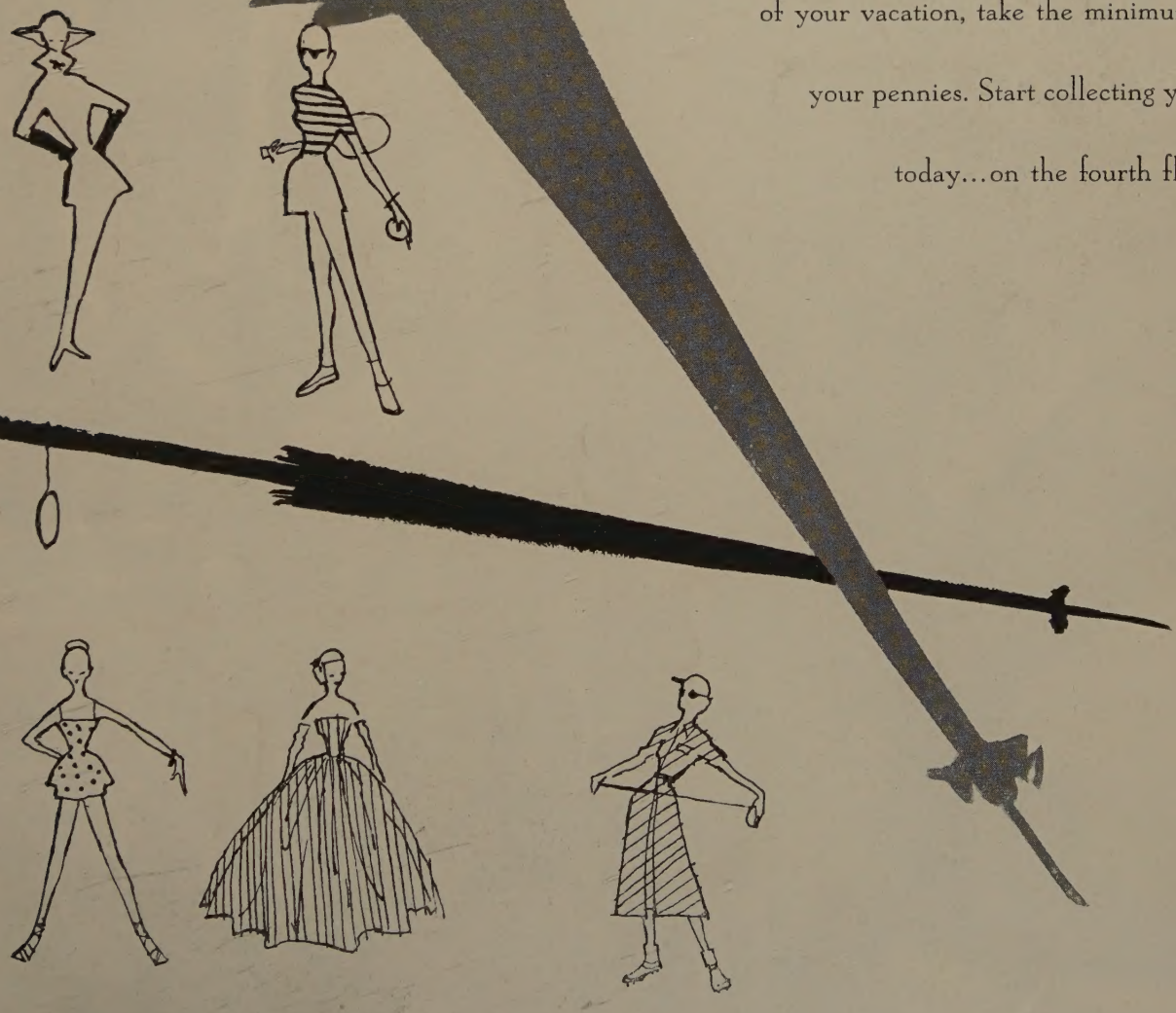

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WHAT GOES ON HERE

JUNE SPECIALS

Ending June 1: 14th Annual International Sports and Outdoor Show, International Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted Streets, 1 p.m. til midnight. Gen. adm. $1.50; reserved seats, $2.50; box seats, $3.50.

Ending June 8: 11th Annual Azalea and Camellia Show, Garfield and Lincoln Park Conservatories, daily, Suns., holidays, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Adm. free.

Ending June 15: 11th Annual Medinah Shrine Circus, Medinah Temple, 600 N. Wabash. Daily mats. at 2:30 except Mondays; Sat. mats. at 2:30; Sun. mats. at 1:00 and 3:45. Nightly at 8:15. Gen. adm. $1.20, children 60c. Tickets at Medinah Temple and Lytton's, State and Jackson. (WA 2-3500 or WH 4-4269.)

June 2-5: 11th Annual Seminar and Business Show, Conrad Hilton Hotel. Co-sponsored by Office Management Assn. of Chicago and Northwestern Univ. Daily 1 to 10 p.m. Adm. free.

June 14-22: Chicago Automobile Show, International Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted Streets, daily 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Stage revues at 3:30 and 9 p.m. Tickets, 90c, children under 12, 45c. Adm. includes revues.

June 21-29: Modern Living Exposition, newest in home building, furnishings and appliances, also floral displays and electronics exhibit; Navy Pier, weekdays 2 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sats. and Suns., 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Adm. $1; children 25c.

June 28-29: International Kennel Club, All-Breed Dog Show, International Amphitheater, 42nd and Halsted Streets, daily 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Adm. $1.25.

June 29-July 12: 41st Annual Summer Flower Shows, Garfield and Lincoln Park Conservatories, daily, Suns., holidays, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Adm. free.

CONVENTIONS, TRADE SHOWS, EXPOSITIONS

June 1-3: Midwest Beauty Trade Show, Sherman Hotel.

June 1-4: Nat'l Assn. of Frozen Food Distributors, Conrad Hilton Hotel.

June 2-5: Amer. Society of Bakery Engineers, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

June 3-6: Chicago Medical Society, Palmer House.

June 5-7: Music Operators of Amer., Palmer House.

June 5-7: Nat'l Education Assn., Dept. of Higher Education, Congress Hotel.

June 9-11: Midwest Hotel Show, Conrad Hilton Hotel.

June 10-12: Ill. Petroleum Marketers Assn., Sherman Hotel.

June 10-13: Painting and Decorating Contractors of America, Palmer House.

June 16-18: Nat'l Assn. of Waste Material Dealers, Conrad Hilton Hotel.

June 16-20: Nat'l Assn. of Corrosion Engineers, Sherman Hotel.

June 17-19: Amer. Railway Engineering Assn., Palmer House.

June 20-22: Midwest Chiropody Conference, Palmer House.

June 22-25: Nat'l Sanitary Supply Assn., Conrad Hilton Hotel.

June 25: Amer. Bankers Assn., Installment Credit Conf., LaSalle Hotel.

June 23-27: Amer. Power Conf. and Nat'l Power Show, Sherman Hotel.

June 29-July 2: American Personnel and Guidance Assn., Conrad Hilton Hotel.

June 30-July 2: Edison Electrical Institute, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

June 31-July 2: Point of Purchase Advertising Institute, Palmer House.

AT THE THEATERS

Bell, Book and Candle, presented by students of the Goodman Theatre School, at the Goodman Memorial Theatre, Monroe Street and Columbus Dr. June 13-14, 17-22, 24-29 at 8:30 (Tues., 7:30); June 26 matinee, 2:30.

Call Me Madam, Irving Berlin's musical about a lady ambassador to a foreign country, with Elaine Stritch and Kent Smith, Shubert Theatre, 22 W. Monroe Street.

The Curious Savage, presented by the Chicago Stage Guild, 640 North Rush Street, June 6 and 7, 8:30. Reservations, call DE 7-8345.

Paris '90, Cornelia Otis Skinner solos in a revue revolving around Parisian women at the time of Lautrec, La Goulue, etc., Blackstone Theatre, 60 E. Balboa Drive.

Farfel Follies, Myron Cohen in an English-Yiddish musical revue, Selwyn Theatre, North Dearborn.

Night Must Fall, presented by the Lake Front Players, Chicago's own stock company, at the Jack and Jill Theatre, 180 East Delaware.

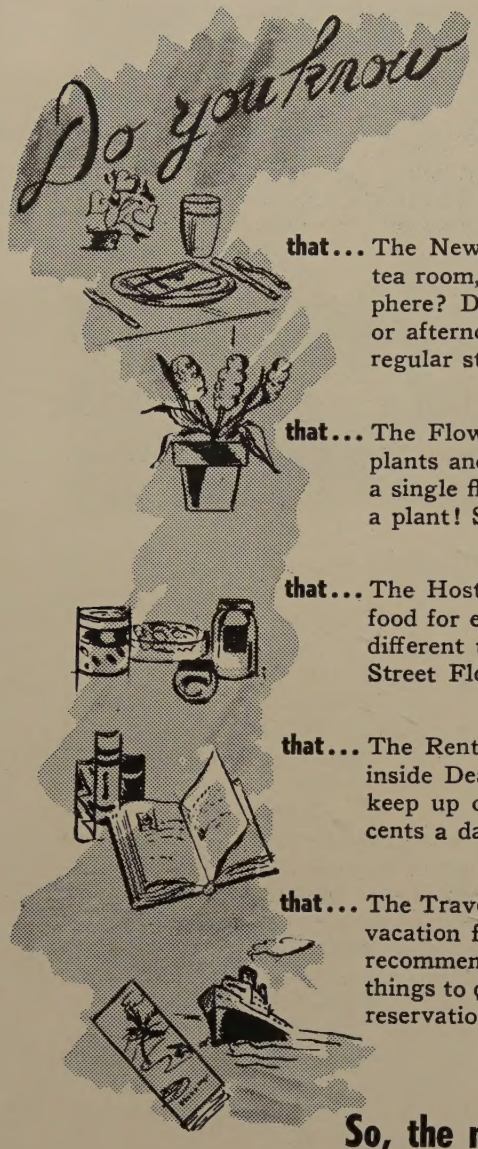
The Shrike, Joseph Kramm's Pulitzer prize play about a man who is destroyed by a possessive wife, starring Van Heflin, Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark Street.

The Male Animal, revival of the Thurber-Nugent comedy with Martha Scott and Buddy Ebsen, beginning June 23, at the Blackstone Theatre, 60 East Balboa Drive.

Affairs of State, Louis Verneuil's gay comedy with George Brent, Haila Stoddard, Donald Wood, Irene Hervey, beginning July 1, at the Selwyn Theatre, North Dearborn Street.

MUSIC AND DANCE

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with Rafael Kubelik conducting, symphony programs June 18 and 26 at 8:15, June 20 and 27 at 2:15; popular programs



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June 21 and 28 at 8:15; concerts for young people June 30 and 31 at 3:00. Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan Avenue.

Myra Hess in a piano recital, June 16 at 8:20. Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan Avenue.

The Boston Pops Symphony Orchestra with Arthur Fiedler conducting, June 22 at 3:30. Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan Avenue.

Mata and Hari, terpsichorean exponents of life's humor, June 22 at 2:30. Opera House, 20 North Wacker Drive.

Marian Anderson, soprano, June 29 at 3:30. Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan Avenue.

Ballet Theatre with Alonso, Youskevitch, Kriza, Moylan; June 29 at 3:00, Princess Aurora, Rodeo, Graduation Ball; at 8:30, Giselle, Don Quixote, Pas de Deux, Fancy Free; June 30 at 8:30, Swan Lake, Fall River Legend, Theme and Variations. Opera House, 20 North Wacker Drive.

Jose Greco and his Spanish Dancers, July 7 to 12 at 8:30, Saturday matinee at 2:30. Opera House, 20 North Wacker Drive.

Civic Orchestra with George Schick conducting, June 30 at 8:15. Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan Avenue.

Ljuba Welitch, soprano with the Denver Symphony Orchestra, Saul Caston, conducting, July 4 at 8:30 and July 5 at 3:30. Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan Avenue.

Chicago Symphony TV "Pops" Concerts under the direction of Rafael Kubelik and George Schick, every Wednesday 8:30 to 9. WGN-TV Theatre, 441 N. Michigan Avenue. Tickets free at Chicago Title and Trust Co., 111 W. Washington Street.

MOVIES

Come Back, Little Sheba, film version of William Inge's famous play with Academy Award Nominee for Best Actress of the Year, Shirley Booth, and Burt Lancaster. Doors open at 12:30 p.m.; last show, 10:45. Ziegfeld, 66 E. Van Buren Street.

Androcles and the Lion, Alan Young with Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Maurice Evans and Robert Newton in Bernard Shaw's satire of the persecution of Christians by Caesar. Doors open 10:30 a.m., last show 10:35 p.m. Monroe, Dearborn at Monroe Street.

Hans Christian Anderson, musical in technicolor with Danny Kaye portraying the great storyteller. Doors open 9 a.m. Oriental, Randolph near State Street.

Peter Pan, Walt Disney's technicolor version of the children's classic de-

lights young and old. Also Walt Disney's "Bear Country" in technicolor. Doors open 9 a.m. State-Lake, 190 N. State.

No Time for Flowers, filmed in Austria around the problems of young romantics in a Communist country, starring Viveca Lindfors and Paul Christian. Carnegie, 110 North Rush Street.

The Star, Bette Davis delights with her superb characterization, with Sterling Hayden. Doors open at 1:25. The Esquire, 58 East Oak (near Michigan).

The Member of the Wedding, Julie Harris re-creates her stage role of a 12 year old tomboy, with Brandon de Wilde and Ethel Waters of the Broadway cast. Doors open at 2 p.m. The Surf, 1205 North Dearborn (near Division).

Forbidden Games, in French with English titles, winner at the 1952 Venice film festival, moving story of two children caught in the eddy of the war in 1940. Doors open at 11:45. World Playhouse, 410 S. Michigan Avenue.

Treasure of the Golden Condor with Cornel Wilde fighting for a French estate and a marquis' title plus **Taxi** with Constance Smith and Dan Dailey. Doors open 8:15 a.m. United Artists, 45 W. Randolph.

SPORTS

Inter-City Golden Gloves Championship between champs of Chicago and New York, to benefit Chicago Tribune Charities, June 26 at 8 p.m. Chicago Stadium, 1800 W. Madison. Tickets now at Chicago Tribune Public Service Office, 33 W. Madison.

17th Annual Chicago Daily News Relays, featuring Olympic track champions and world record holders, June 28 at 8 p.m. Chicago Stadium, 1800 W. Madison Street. Tickets now at Daily News, 400 W. Madison; Stadium box office and Bond's, State and Jackson.

American Bowling Congress, national bowling tournament, through August 25th, 8:30 a.m. till midnight. Chicago Coliseum, 1513 S. Wabash Avenue. General adm. $1.00.

Indoor Polo, every Saturday night at 8:30. Chicago Avenue Armory, 234 E. Chicago Ave. Adm. $1.00 and $2.00.

Chicago Cubs, 1:30 p.m., Wrigley Field, Clark and Addison Streets.

Chicago White Sox, 1:30 p.m., Comiskey Park. W. 35th and S. Shields Avenue.

WITH THE CHILDREN

Chicago Historical Society, free programs for children, most Saturdays at 10 a.m. Chicago Historical Society, in Lincoln Park at Clark and North.

Natural History Museum, free movies every Saturday at 10:30 a.m., James Simpson Theatre. Natural History Museum, at Roosevelt Road and Lake Shore Drive.

Children's Theatre of the Art Institute of Chicago, "Huckleberry Finn," Saturdays through June 28th at 2:30 p.m.; Sundays through June 30 at 3:00. "The Emperor's New Clothes," July 4 through August 23, Saturdays at 2:30 p.m.; Saturday, August 9 at 10:30 a.m.; Sundays at 3:00 p.m., July 19 through August 24. Goodman Memorial Theatre, Monroe Street and Columbus Drive.

Jack and Jill Theatre, 180 E. Delaware. "The Singing Girl," June 28th, 3:15 p.m. 50c adm. Also presenting "Sing Ho for a Prince," June 14th, Golf School, Morton Grove, Ill., 2 p.m. 50c adm.

Boulevard Room features a family matinee of the current show every Sunday. Showing presently, "Skating Pipers," an ice show, plus Frankie Masters and Orchestra. The Conrad Hilton Hotel, Boulevard Room, South Michigan. Call Phil, WAbash 2-400, for reservations.

LECTURES, TRAVELOGUES

Art Institute of Chicago, final lecture in "Art Through Travel" series, "Cuba: 900 Miles by Car," June 29 at 3 p.m., Fullerton Hall, adm. 80c. Florence Dibell Bartlett Lecture Series, Thursdays at 6:30 p.m., Fullerton Hall, adm. free. Half-hour Gallery Lectures, Wednesdays at 12:30, adm. free.

Chicago Natural History Museum, free illustrated lectures for adults, Saturdays at 2:30, Sundays at 2 p.m.

Chicago Public Library, noon hour lecture series Thursdays at 12:15; film programs Fridays at 12:15. Adm. free.

Germany in the Shadow of the Iron Curtain, world premiere of an all color documentary motion picture presented in person by Russell Wright, photographer and commentator on world affairs, July 6 at 8:15 p.m. Orchestra Hall, 220 S. Michigan.

MUSEUMS

Adler Planetarium, Roosevelt Road and Lake Michigan (WAbash 2-1428). Antique and modern astronomical instruments; photographs of the heavens; June show: Time and Its Keeping. Open 10 to 5 Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; 10 to 9 p.m. Tuesday and Friday. Shows at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Monday thru Saturday; 2 and 3:30 p.m. Sunday; 8 p.m. Tuesday and Friday. Free adm. Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday. Other days 30c.

Art Institute of Chicago, Michigan

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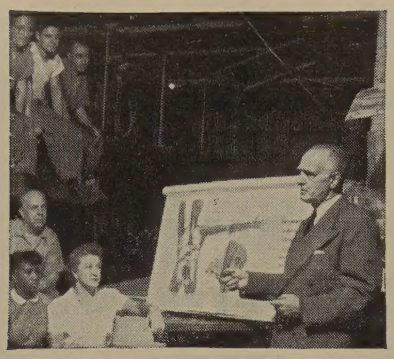

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Chicago Historical Society, Clark Street and North Avenue in Lincoln Park. Displays and exhibits depicting America's growth; Lincolniana library. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.; free admission. Sundays 12:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.; admission 30c.

Museum of Science and Industry, 57th Street and South Shore Drive (MU 4-1414). Eight acres of exhibits showing relation of science and industry through physics, chemistry, fuels and metals, power, transportation, medical sciences, engineering construction, graphic arts. Weekdays 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Saturdays to 5:30 p.m.; Sundays and holidays to 7 p.m. Adm. free to all except coal mine, Nickelodeon (weekly program of old-time movie thrillers), and Microworld Theatre.

Oriental Institute, 1155 E 58th Street on University of Chicago Campus (MI 3-0800). Archaeological exhibits from the ancient countries of the Near East. Weekdays 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturdays 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. Adm. free.

John G. Shedd Aquarium, Roosevelt Road at Lake Michigan (WE 9-4681). 10,000 live fish and other aquatic specimens from fresh and salt waters. Daily 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Adm. free Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays; other days 30c.

ZOOS AND CONSERVATORIES

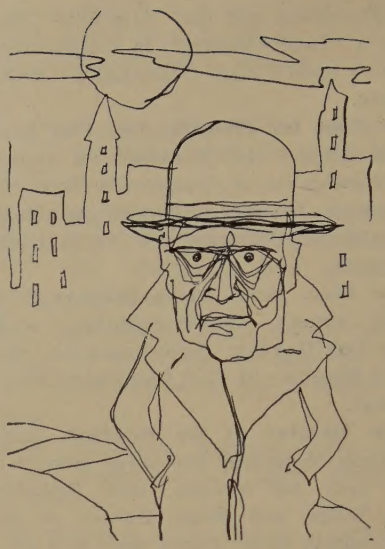
Brookfield Zoo, 14 miles west of the Loop, in Brookfield, Ill. World's most interesting zoo where moats separate spectator and animals. Daily 10 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Free Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays and holidays; other days 30c.

Lincoln Park Zoo, 2200 North in Lincoln Park. Nearly 2000 mammals, birds and reptiles. Daily 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; adm. free.

DINING, DANCING, ENTERTAINMENT

Chez Paree, 610 Fairbanks Court (DE 7-3434). Chicago's most famous supper club, featuring big name entertainment and dancing. Shows at 8 p.m., midnight and 2 a.m. Open evenings til 4 a.m.

Blue Angel, 801 North Rush Street (SU 7-5060). One of Chicago's newest. Intimate atmosphere with continuous floor show and dancing. Opens evening at 8:30.



Empire Room, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RA 6-7500). Swank background for celebrities and society folk. Music with luncheon, production shows (often with name stars) at 8:30 p.m. and midnight. Open til 2 a.m. week nights, 3 a.m. Saturday.

Marine Room, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 N. Sheridan Road (LO 1-6000). Glamor from decor to menu, from entrance to exit. Dancing (often to famous bands) and show nightly after 8 p.m. Luncheon also served, delightful Sunday brunch.

Mayfair Room, Blackstone Hotel, 636 S. Michigan (HA 7-4300). Smart supper salon with rich appointments, sophisticated music for dancing. Choice entertainment, the same applying to the cuisine.

Vine Gardens, 614 W. North (MI 2-5106). Elegant tiered dining room with mirrored paneling. Good entertainment, often introducing the best in local talent. Shows nightly at 8:30, 11:30 p.m. and 2 a.m. Saturday 4 shows.

DINING, DANCING

Balinese Room, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan Avenue at 7th (HA 7-4300). Intimate, excellent with sleek decor. Music for dancing. Open noon till 1 a.m., Saturday till 2 a.m.

Camellia House, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SU 7-2200). Every elegance from blooming camellia trees to tasty French cuisine and enjoyable music. Open for luncheon, dinner-supper.

College Inn Porterhouse, Hotel Sherman, Clark and Randolph Streets (RA 2-2100). Shades of the wild and woolly west in decoration and menu. Steak specialty of the house. Music from 9 p.m. Luncheon and dinner-supper.

Ivanhoe, 3000 N. Clark Street (GR 2-2771). Catacombs, skeletons, water-

falls, strolling minstrels . . . and yes, even good food await you in this 12th century English establishment. Music, however, is modern. Open daily 5:30 p.m. till 2:30 a.m.

Lotus Room. LaSalle Hotel, LaSalle and Madison (FR 2-0700). Delightfully intimate with tropical flower motif. Dinner music from 7 p.m., dancing from 8:30. Open 11:30 a.m. till 1 a.m.

Pump Room, Hotel Ambassador East, 1300 N. Rush Street (SU 7-7200). Favorite congregating spot of celebrities, inspired by the royal rendezvous at Bath, England. Dinner a la flaming sword if you wish. Music for dinner and dancing, tea dancing Saturday and Sunday. Luncheons, dinners, suppers.

The Buttery, Hotel Ambassador West, 1300 N. State St. (SU 7-7200). Intimate but not too cozy, with a menu to delight the most finicky epicurean. Music for dancing starts at 9 p.m. Luncheon, dinners, suppers.

DINING, ATMOSPHERE

Adolph's, 1045 N. Rush St. (DE 7-9221). Specializing in delicious Italian dishes and what are modestly acclaimed "the best steaks in town". Music and an enticing marine bar, 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Agostino's, 1121 N. State St. (DE 7-9862). For those who enjoy good eating . . . especially spaghetti, chops, chicken. The chef really knows how to treat a steak, too. Music. Open 5 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Athens Restaurant, 530 S. Halsted (MO 6-2072). Modern Greek temple for worshippers of the culinary arts. Featuring Hellenic dishes and Athenian salads. Luncheon, dinner, late snacks.

Bamboo Inn, 11 N. Clark St. (AN 3-1221). Cantonese delicacies in exotic atmosphere. Cocktails in the delightful Lipo lounge. Daily 11 a.m. till midnight, Saturdays till 2 a.m.

Barney's, 741 W. Market St. (AN 3-9795). Barney, alas, has departed to greet the newcomers to gourmet's heaven with his famous "Hiya, Senator", but the cuisine at his popular restaurant still does him proud. Steaks and lobsters. Luncheon, dinner.

Berghoff's, 17 W. Adams (HA 7-3170). Hearty fare at amazingly sensible prices. Corned beef and cabbage, Thuringer sausage, smoked beef tongue among the favored dishes. Bock beer in season. Luncheon, dinner.

Bit of Sweden, 1015 N. Rush St. (DE 7-1492). Smorgasbord spread out in an appetizing array . . . and there's no hurry, you can linger long as you like over appetizing meat balls, baked beans, fresh and cooked fish dishes, salads, cheese, etc., etc. Dinner menu if you prefer. Dinners only, except Saturdays.

The Cameo, 116 E. Walton Place (SU 7-1200). A showplace for diners with menu to match. But you'll find such substantial dishes as roast beef done to perfection. Luncheons, dinners.

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Contributors

Man, Isn't Everything the Blues? is by **Alson J. Smith**, a New England clergyman who has written several books and articles on the passing scene—often centered in Chicago, a city which fascinates Mr. Smith so much that he has spent from several weeks to several months here every year for the last two decades.

Readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* will recognize the name of **Greer Williams**, one of its frequent contributors, who is also in charge of public relations for the American College of Surgeons, over on Erie street.

John Paul is identified in the box accompanying the presentation of The Blue Note.

The author of the proposal to put islands in the Lake, **Harry Weese**, is a well-known architect and authority on city-planning.

James A. Maxwell of Cincinnati, writes for *The New Yorker, The Reporter,* and *Colliers.*

Reuel Denney, formerly an editor of *Fortune*, writes poetry, and teaches sociology at the University of Chicago. He has published a volume of poems, *The Connecticut River* and is co-author, with David Riesman, of *The Lonely Crowd,* both by Yale University Press.

A native Tibetan who writes under a pen-name, **Norman Calhoun** came to this country to study podology, and subsequently served a term at Leavenworth. Mr. Calhoun now edits *The Mortician's Vade-Mecum,* a monthly trade journal.

Russell Sanford, who rode in Mr. Muntz's automobile and writes about it for us, is director of sales promotion for *Modern Hospital* Magazine.

The pictures of the Solares' two homes were made by **Felipe Chano** and **Al Loginsky** of the Institute of Design.

Robert Cromie is a familiar name to readers of the *Tribune's* sports pages.

The winner of a number of awards for original work in radio and television, **Ben Park** is a producer and director for NBC (Hawkins Falls).

The report on Bishop Sheil is by **Saul Alinsky**, director of the Industrial Areas Foundation. Another version of "Portrait of a Liberal" was published in *The Progressive.*

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Chicago

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Cover: Readers who assume that the gentleman above, with the muscles and onions, is a member of CHICAGO'S editorial staff will find him correctly identified on page 19. The man with the horn on our cover all devotees of jazz will recognize as Muggsy Spanier, a South Side boy. See page 12.

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AARON SISKIND

NATIVE STRENGTH & ELEGANCE: LOUIS SULLIVAN'S WALKER WAREHOUSE, NOW BEING DEMOLISHED

A Tale of Two Cities

(A Statement by the Editors)

This is Chicago. A new magazine.

In a world where there are already too many publications, it is fair to ask: Why another magazine? And if another, why Chicago? The answer to this question, the Editors think, depends on what you believe about the city itself. In creating a magazine designed primarily to turn its spotlight on one great city, they have thought of it as a capital city, whose five million residents are the nucleus of a midwest population of forty million. A city which, with all its faults and blemishes, is a prodigy among the world's cities—an awkward prodigy, but one whose lunges into the future may be just as spectacular as the last hundred years from swampland to metropolis.

They have, however, also thought of it in another sense. They have thought of it as two cities. One of them, crude, crashing, and boisterous, is famous and notorious: the city of the railroads, the packing plants, the steel mills, the gangsters and the boodlers. The other, which the Editors find equally exciting, and which in the long run may prove more real, is often overlooked: the city which has been a principal seedbed of the most important and revolutionary aspects of American life.

Chicago is two cities. But it also can be described, like any place where millions of people have come together, as a dozen different cities, old and new, squalid and spectacular. This is the city that swindled the Potawatomies, jacked itself seven feet above the swamp one summer, and gathered the railroads in its fist. It is the city which, when it first acquired one million residents—50 years after its incorporation — counted four-fifths of them as immigrants or the children of immigrants. It assembled its builders from the dispossessed of Germany, Poland, Scandinavia, Bohemia, Ireland and Italy, handed them the blueprints of Jeffersonian democracy and the industrial revolution, and said: "Here it is. You're on your own." We've been on our own ever since, and in the course of some decades have revolutionized modern society with the reaper, the skyscraper, the railroads and the steel mills, and have relentlessly debauched the idea of self-government with our slums, our gangsters and our politicians.

Two Cities. Currently, Chicago is the city of the atomic scientists, Franz Alexander, Anton Carlson and *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse;* also of Paddy Bauler, Jake Guzick, B-girls and $50 murders. We seem to be on our way to becoming the medical center of the world, and in the south side slums have as high a TB rate as any in the country. City-planning

originated here as much as any place, and a generation later we have two inches of subway, a late start on an expressway network, and forty square miles of blight. Our hockey team fell apart last Winter, but the Cubs and Sox may have something not recently on view in these parts: big league teams.

It's two cities, all right, both of them as exciting and improbable as people can be. Chicago is always starting something new: movies, radio, city-planning, television; watching them pack up and move off, and then starting something new again. It's perpetually looking like a has-been, and then triggering a revolution, as in Hull House, progressive education, or the release of atomic energy. It's a seedbed from which the shoots have to be transplanted to survive, but new ones keep coming up out of the same stony soil. For the last twenty years, its own citizens have been talking about the fact that it is finished, falling apart; in the last ten, it has added to its metropolitan area a population equivalent to Pittsburg's, and become the world's fourth largest city and second richest market area.

Chicago once dreamed of becoming the biggest and wealthiest metropolis of all, but lost faith in that destiny. In so far as it gave up the idea of getting bigger and bigger for the sake of getting bigger and bigger, the loss can be borne. It remains one of the three cities, along with Boston and New York, which have made a fundamental difference in the development of the nation—in industry, technology, architecture and social reform, in a dozen fields of science, and several arts.

Subtract what Chicago has given to it, and you wouldn't recognize America.

Above all, it remains, as foreign visitors instantly recognize, *the* American city: the place where everything most distinctive and colorful in American life, for good or bad, is alive and fighting.

This magazine is appearing at a time when much else that is new is making itself felt here. There are stirrings from all parts of the city—in the new industrial suburbs south and west, on the Lake Front campuses, in the local 'Bohemias' and in the laboratories, scientific and medical, scattered about the city. There are stirrings also on the part of thousands of people who do not agree that their neighborhoods should be permanently naked to the mercy of gunmen, political fixers and psychopaths; who believe that our city, as others have done, can move toward some minimum of decent government.

The magazine will see its city also as one whose personal drama is being played out against a backdrop of world events; whose outstanding men and women, beginning with Cyrus McCormick, Louis Sullivan and Jane Addams, have been breathing examples of what the West has to offer: a challenge to create abundance, decent conditions of life, and neighborliness in the world.

Such a challenge turns back, of course, on the people who offer it: the next decades would be a good time for Chicago to return to some of the ideas it has spawned, then neglected, in the violence of its growth, and begin to realize them here.

No magazine has yet used the full resources of contemporary journalism—spot reporting, feature articles, fiction, the camera, the artist's pen and brush — to bring into focus one great city. Not an isolated section of it, not this class or that group, but all its people, in their night-and-daily doings: the industrialists, the technicians, the builders, the scientists, the entertainers, the artists and writers: and also the freaks, the eccentrics, the thugs, the prowlers in the lower depths, the million forms of Everyman and his wife. Chicago will look at all of them, and will find its editorial bias, and its excitement, in doing so.

For us, as Editors, the key concept is Energy: a hopeful energy, localized in the story of what Chicago is and may become.

The focus is on People: who they are, what they do, how they look, to the city's liveliest writers and most expert cameramen.

The primary purpose is Entertainment: but entertainment for those who want it with salt as well as sugar, who are prepared to welcome a magazine that, along with a springy step and a sense of humor, has muscles, nerves and brains.

This Pilot Issue of CHICAGO, now in your hands, is an attempt to suggest what a magazine which caught the full impact of this city might be like. It is the work of a few people who have substituted their energy, and their enthusiasm about its possibilities, for the resources it will, from now on, need to go forward.

It can be an exciting magazine, an entertaining one, and a useful one. Given time, and more effort, it may even, as its Editors believe, become a great magazine.

JOHN PAUL

chicago

"In those days the midnight air at 35th & State was so full of music that if you held up your instrument the air would play it"

Man, Isn't Everything the Blues?

IN THE YEAR 1917, the police of New Orleans made a great if unwitting contribution to the cultural life of Chicago. At the request of the United States Navy, they closed down Storyville.

Storyville was a twelve block long area of the old Crescent City that debouched off sinful Rampart Street; since Civil War days it had been the stamping ground of the light ladies and gambling gentry of the town, the most uninhibited area of the most uninhibited city in North America. Ornate houses of ill fame jostled cabarets, seamy dancehalls, and cheap saloons for room. The sidewalks were jammed night and day with people of a variety of colors and purposes—quadroons, Creoles, French and Spanish-speaking whites, Italian - accented banana - checkers from the United Fruit Company docks, and tall Texans mingled in the honky-tonks and listened to the hot but effortless music played by Negroes like King Joe Oliver, Freddie Keppard, Louis Armstrong, Bunk Johnson, Sidney Bechet, Pope Foster, and lots more.

These men were real musicians and they played what was known then as rag, or rag-time — an off-beat, improvised rhythm that followed no known musical precepts and sounded a good deal like a hopped-up Negro spiritual. They played in the tonks because there was nowhere else for them to play. As a rule they didn't play in the brothels because their playing was too loud and the madames preferred the softer strains of string ensembles, but without the brothels they would not have been playing at all. The pleasure palaces were the economic base of Storyville; the honky-tonks, saloons, and dance-halls represented merely peripheral interests of the crowds that thronged the quarter.

By 1917 these New Orleans bandmen had created a distinct, muted, relaxed and libido-releasing music which was later to be known as "jazz" but which they knew only as rag, or "the blues." It was not a conscious art and improvisation was of its essence, but in there were traces of many things: of jungle drums, of tears and laughter, of slavery and the cotton fields, or river noises, and of sex. It had what musicians would call polyrhythm, microtonality, glissandi, and antiphony. It came out of the unconscious mind and the instrument was an extension of the player. The few simple notes of the musical scale were broken up into a variety of quarter-tones which were at once subtle, slurred, quivering, and almost alive. The music told a story of the life out of which it had grown. It was not always or even often a pretty story, but it was brilliantly and movingly alive. In it one could hear the street cars rocking down Tchoupitoulas street, the Mardi Gras bands, the shouts of joy at the picnics at Milenburg on Lake Pontchartrain, the wail of the lover who comes home to an empty bed. It was all "the blues" —Jelly-Roll Blues, Wang Wang Blues, Milenburg Joy, Tail-Gate Blues, Gut-Bucket Blues, Empty Bed Blues.

When the gendarmes flushed the quail out of Storyville, the "blues" musicians, parasites on prostitution, had to get out, too. Most of them were black, and the bars of segregation were up everywhere in New Orleans except in the red-light district. When Storyville was shut down there was no place for the rag-time bandmen to play. No place, that is, that would pay them a living for playing. They could still perform at those colorful New Orleans funerals where they accompanied the departed to the graveyard playing "When the Saints Go Marching In" and then swung back to town on a hot-sad blues ("Oh, Didn't He Ramble? He Rambled and He Rambled, But the Butcher Finally Cut Him Down"). And they could play at private parties, and at Mardi Gras. But for breakfast they could kiss their instruments—and you can't buy red beans and rice with a letter of thanks from the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee.

In their extremity, most of the New Orleans music-makers turned to Old Man River. The Strekfus river-boats employed bands to entertain their passengers, and most of the unemployed bandmen were able to catch on. In this way, the new music advanced slowly northward, infecting Memphis and St.

by Alson J. Smith

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Smith. "Bix and the Austin High School Gang" will be published in a subsequent issue. Together, they form a chapter in "Chicago's Left Bank," to be published in September by Henry Regnery & Co. The articles are copyrighted and CHICAGO *prints them courtesy of Mr. Smith and the Regnery Co.*

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SLIM GAILLARD: "JUNGLE DRUMS, SLAVERY, COTTON FIELDS, & SEX"

Louis with the "blues" virus. When Fate Marable's Show-Boat tied up at Davenport, Iowa, a round-faced kid in knee-pants rushed down to the landing to hear the Show-Boat give a concert. The kid listened, entranced, while the band's trumpet player blew the sweet, hot, sliding notes. The kid's name was Leon Bismarck "Bix" Beiderbecke, and he was fifteen years old. The trumpet player was only a few years older—Louis Armstrong.

BIX, the living legend; Bix, the personification of jazz. He played cornet and piano, and his technique was all wrong. His fingering was off and he had no lip. It went in all wrong, but it came out so right. He was only the greatest. Bix belongs to the Chicago jazz story, but not yet.

As a matter of fact, the impecunious New Orleans bandmen had been aiming at Chicago all along. A few of them tarried in Memphis and St. Louis, and a few more cut off at Cairo and went up the Ohio to Louisville, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh. But by 1918 most of the expatriate Louisianians, led by King Joe Oliver, had jumped the boats and rushed to reinforce a previously established jazz beach-head on the South Side.

The city was ready for the refugees from Storyville. It had already tasted the new music; the renowned pianist "Jelly-Roll" Morton (who later claimed that he invented "the blues") had played at the old Pekin Theatre-Cabaret many times in the years between 1905 and 1915; in 1910 and 1911 "Jelly-Roll" and another great "blues" pianist, Tony Jackson, had played a long engagement at the Elite Cafe at 35th and State. A New Orleans colored outfit called The Original Creole Band had played at the Big Grand Theatre on the South Side in 1913 and then had moved down to the loop to the North American Restaurant at State and Monroe for a four-months stand.

In 1914 the first white rag-time band, "Tom Brown and His Busters," played for two weeks at the Lamb's Cafe in the Loop, and it was there at the corner of Clark and Randolph that "Jazz" was named. The Lamb's was having a little union trouble, and some of the striking help tried to hurt business by deprecating the band. Its music, they averred, was nothing but "jass." The word "jass" was a colloquialism of the 22nd street brothels and was not in general usage outside of Chicago. The slur backfired, however. The management of the Lamb's shrewdly advertised the principal attraction of the club as "The 'Jass' Band" and the tables were crowded every night.

Brown and his "Busters" didn't stay long, however. They were New Orleans boys and they had

come north without overcoats. When it got cold most of them drifted back down to warmer climes; they played the Lamb's for only two weeks.

In December 1914 the first of the really good jazz outfits arrived from New Orleans. Oddly enough, it was a white band, and it was called The Louisiana Five. It had Anton Lada on the drums, Nick LaRocca on cornet, Yellow Munez on clarinet, Eddie Edwards on trombone and Harry Ragas at the piano. The Louisiana Five was a real solid outfit; it was an instant smash hit at the Casino Gardens and more than any other group it prepared the town for the influx from New Orleans that was to establish Chicago as 'that toddlin' town," the jazz capitol of the world.

It was an exciting place for the bandmen. Anton Lada, the drummer of the Louisiana Five, remarked of it:

"I thought we had dives in New Orleans, but for low-down barrel-house, the Casino had anything in New Orleans beat to shreds. You couldn't move in the joint, it was so crowded. People were lined up outside, too, waiting to hear the 'jass' band. Inside they really went wild, and one of the commonest expressions was 'sock it.' "

There were a few others who deserve mention in the Period of Preparation, the pre-1918 era. A trombonist named George Pilhe had come up here in 1913, and in 1916 he formed a New Orleans-type band to cash in on the popularity of the Louisiana Five. This outfit, the name of which has been lost in the shuffle, started out at the Fountain Inn at 63rd and Halsted, and later played at Tommy Thomas' place on the West Side, and at Mike Fritzel's Ansonia. Also in 1917 a New Orleans trumpeter by the name of Manual Perez brought a five-piece band in to play at the DeLuxe Cafe at 35th and State and later at the Pekin Theatre-Cabaret and the Ansonia. The famous Sidney Bechet and Lorenzo Tio were members of the Perez band.

The Golden Age of Chicago jazz really began with the coming of "King" Joe Oliver in 1918. "King" was the title bestowed by New Orleans bandsmen on the musician who played his instrument better, louder and longer than any of his colleagues, and who could prove his right to the title by "cutting" all competitors. You "cut" somebody when you took your instrument to wherever he was playing and then and there demonstrated your own superiority. King Joe had cut the competition to ribbons with his cornet; he had blasted Freddie Keppard and all the rest clear across Rampart street and his title was undisputed. You had to be a good man to cut Keppard; when he played cornet in vaudeville people couldn't sit in the front seats of the orchestra; they would be blown back to about the fifteenth row. But Joe had cut Freddie good; he had taken his cornet right out into the middle of the street, pointed it straight at the cafe where Keppard was playing, and had bombed away. A big crowd had gathered; Keppard never even came out. He knew he

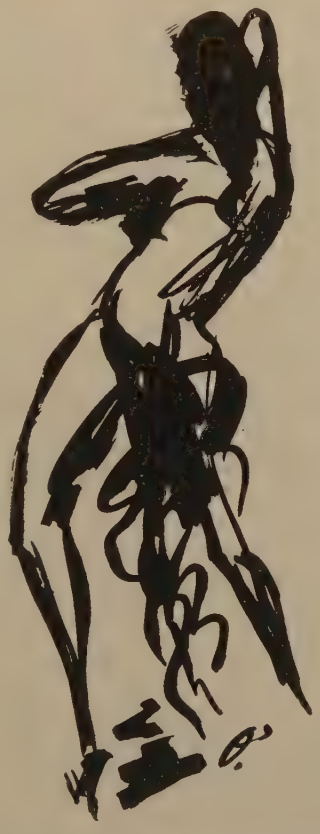
had been cut and was no longer a King.

THE NEWS of King Joe's coming preceded him, and he was met at LaSalle street station by representatives of the two best bands then playing the South Side. Jimmy Noone's at the Royal Gardens (later Lincoln Gardens) at 31st and Cottage Grove, and Bill Johnson's at the Dreamland Cafe, 35th and State. Jimmy, Bill, and Sidney Bechet, who was playing for Bill, were in the group that met the King's train. Both Jimmy and Bill wanted Joe; negotiations were entered into immediately, and after adjournment to a bar amiable arrangement was entered into whereby the King would play in both bands, going from the Royal Gardens to the Dreamland after the former closed for the night.

That was the beginning: the panic was on. Prohibition was a-comin' in, and thirsty whites suddenly discovered that passable booze and superior music were both on tap in the Black Belt. 35th street between State and Calumet began to jump; along it were the dimly-lit, sawdust-floored, gin-soaked little joints that were to make jazz history—the Sunset Cafe, the Plantation, the Dreamland, the Panama, the DeLuxe, the Fiume, the Elite, and New Orleans Babes. Then there were the theatres—the Vendome, the Big Grand, and the Monogram; the dancehalls like Lincoln Gardens, and the record shops. The demand for jazz on the South Side soon outstripped the supply of musicians; New Orleans was depopulated, and white and colored bandmen from all over the country began to drift in. Eddie Condon, the Irish kid from Momence, came to the South Side in 1922 to gawk at the Negro masters and to lap up that "righteous" music. Years later he remarked that in those days the midnight air at 35th and Calumet or 35th and State was so full of music that if you held up an instrument the air would play it.

In 1920 King Joe Oliver put together his own band and moved it into the Dreamland. He called it King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band, and it was nothing but the best. The clarinetist was Johnny Dodds, the trombonist Honoré Dutrey, the bassist Ed Garland, the drummer Baby Dodds and the pianist Lil Hardin. Two years later, when the Creole Jazz Band was playing the Lincoln Gardens, King Joe sent to New Orleans for a cornetist to play number two horn to his own No. 1. The man he wanted was a callow youth named Louis Armstrong, who had been playing on Fate Marable's Show-Boat. Louis, a refugee from the New Orleans Waifs Home, rushed up north and stood outside the Lincoln Gardens, listening to the band. He felt like running right back to the Show-Boat. "I didn't think I was good enough to play in that band," he said. But he was, and the combination of King Joe and Louis on the cornets and Baby Dodds on the drums really blew the walls out of the Lincoln Gardens.

Eddie Condon, the guitarist, who went down to the Lincoln Gardens



with other white kids to learn from the black masters, gives a good picture of a night at the old dancehall in his book, *We Called It Music:*

"In the cubicle outside where we paid admission the sound was loud; it came like a muscle flexing regularly, four to the bar. As the door opened the trumpets, King and Louis, one or both, soared above everything else. The whole joint was rocking.

"Tables, chairs, walls, people moved with the rhythm. It was dark, smoky, gin-smelling. People in the balcony leaned over and their drinks spilled on the customers below. There was a false ceiling made of chicken wire covered with phony maple leaves; the real roof was twenty-five feet up. A round, glass bowl hung from the middle of the chicken wire; when the blues were played it turned slowly and a baby spotlight worked over it. There was a floor show and a Master of Ceremonies named King Jones. He would stand in front of Oliver and shout, "Oh! One more chorus, King!" Oliver and Louis would roll on and on, piling up choruses, with the rhythm section building the beat until the whole thing got inside your head and blew your brains out.

"There was a place near the band reserved for musicians who came to listen and to learn; we sat there, stiff with education, joy, and a licorice-tasting gin purchased from the waiters for $2.00 a pint. You could bring your own but it didn't matter much; in the end the effect was the same — the band playing Froggie Moore, Chimes Blues, Sweet Baby Doll, Jazzin' Babies Blues, Mabel's Dream, Room Rent Blues, High Society Rag, Where Did You Stay Last Night, Working Man Blues, and everything and everybody moving, sliding, tapping out the rhythm, inhaling the smoke, swallowing the gin."

The South Side Theatres, too, employed jazz bands in the '20's. Erskine Tate and his Vendome Syncopators played at the Vendome for nine straight years, the fifteen-piece band offering a solid two-hour-long concert between showings of the movie. Louis Armstrong, Freddie Keppard, Jubbo Smith, Earl 'Fatha' Hines, Fats Waller, Cass Simpson, and Jimmy Bertrand were a few of the musicians who, famous later, were glad to earn a few extra bucks with Tate in the Vendome pit. It was here at the Vendome that Louis Armstrong first presented the routine that was to give him his nickname of 'Satchmo' — the Reverend Satchelmouth, preaching to his sinful congregation.

THE BEST OF the white bands in town during the early days of the Jazz Era was the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. The Kings, an im-

portation from New Orleans via the Strekfus river-boats, had Paul Mares on trumpet, George Brunies on trombone, and the incomparable Leon Rappolo on clarinet.

THEIR FIRST engagement was in the Cascades Ballroom on the North Side, where the piano was half a tone off; the resulting cacophony was so enchanting that the Rhythm Kings became the most-sought-after jazzmen in town and were able to move down to the Friar's Inn, which they made the No. 1 white jazz spot in the city.

At the Friar's, Leon Rappolo would play chorus after chorus on his clarinet while customers stopped dancing and crowded up against the bandstand to listen. Mike Fritzel begged Leon to stop and let the dancing continue, but when he was in the groove Leon couldn't hear anything but his own music, and he played on and on. The Rhythm Kings themselves were fascinated by the big town; after work they would ride all over town on the elevated for kicks.

But, great as they were, it was not the New Orleans bandmen who evolved that frenetic method of playing that was to be known in the annals of jazz as "Chicago-style." "Chicago-style" was based on the New Orleans "blues" but it was a radical departure from ragtime. The white and colored New Orleans men played a smooth, effortless jazz — hot but relaxed. The Chicago-style jazzmen pushed up the beat and tore into the music with frenzied intensity; it got louder, hotter, more insistent. The New Orleans boys had smiled while they worked and acted as if they were having a good time; the Chicago boys frowned in intense concentration and were exhausted after a half hour of manic virtuosity.

Chicago-style jazz was as different from New Orleans style jazz as Chicago is from New Orleans, and in almost exactly the same respects. Yet it was Chicago-style jazz that was to endure and that was to make jazz a cult, and it is Chicago-style jazz that is worshipped and practiced today in such temples as Nick's and Eddie Condon's in New York, the Blue Note on Madison street, 1111 Club on Bryn Mawr, Jazz Ltd., on Grand, and half-a-dozen others.

(The conclusion of Mr. Smith's account of the Chicago School will be in our next issue).

Chicago

Future Articles

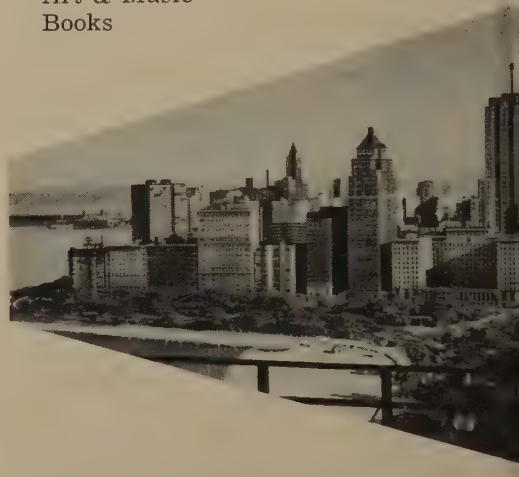
Features:

Who Owns the Loop?
McGovern's Liberty Inn: Its First 35 Years
The Kremlin's Midwest Consulates
Wire-Tapping in Chicago: Who Gets Tapped? Who Does the Tapping?
Alien-Smuggling: Detroit to Chicago
The Town of Cicero
Justice in Chicago
South Halsted Street Faith Healers
The West Side Bloc
Detective Agency
The Housing Problem
The Last Encampment of the Potawatomies
Cockfighting in Chicago
Government Agents Here
Our Top Brass
The Car-Theft Industry
The Moslem Cult in Bronzeville
Costumers to the Strip-Tease Girls
Whatever Became of Scott? (The Story of Carson, Pirie's)
Chicago's Great Families
Benjamin Adamowski

Departments:

Shopper's Guide
Home Furnishings
Plays & Movies
Kitchen Talk

Travel Tips
Chicago, D. C.
What Goes On Here
West of the Water Tower
Science
Sports
TV & Radio
Art & Music
Books



Personalities:

The Men Who Rule Chicago
Clark Street Hostess: Her Story
The Atomic Scientists
Sewell Avery
Myrtle Goult: A Medium on the Gold Coast
Who Was Lieutenant Drury?
The Men Who Own the Stockyards
Ivan Allbright
Four Against Crime: Merriam, Petersen, Hoehler, Guy Reed
Senator Douglas
Senator Dirksen
Governor Stratton
Mister Petroleum (Gustav Egloff)
Ulysses Dailey: Great Negro Doctor
Franz Alexander
Commissioner O'Connor
Percy Julian
Rabbi Mann
Congresswoman Church
Bruno Bettelheim & the Orthogenic School
Elizabeth Wood
Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell
Jessie Binsford

What with thrip, blowout, muck, mildew, and margins, Farmer Kelly had a hard time clearing $200,000 last year with his

350 Acres of Muck

by Greer Williams

THERE ARE those circles in which the onion is considered the world's funniest vegetable, good for a laugh on simple mention. In this capacity, it has done as much as the pickle, the bagel or wienerschnitzel to keep radio comedians and nightclub MC's from reverting to the service side of the bar.

There are two groups of people, however, among whom nobody laughs at onions: The brokers of the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, to whom it means money at the multimillion dollar level; and onion farmers, to whom it can easily make the difference between personal fortune and complete disaster in a single season.

The United States, long the leading producer and consumer of dry onions, has an annual crop averaging 1,500,000,000 pounds, with a value of $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 a year to farmers. These onions are worth around four times as much to housewives, and the forces which quadruple their value from muck-farm to salad-bowl come to focus in the Mercantile Exchange, where farm produce is bought and sold as grain is on the Board of Trade. Ten years ago, the exchange admitted onions, in the established company of butter, eggs and poultry, to the futures market, making this city the world's leading onion market.

As for the farmers, their vegetable has made millionaires of men who started with a few swampy acres, and reversed the process not a few times. They understand very well the frame of mind of the broker who collapsed on the floor of the exchange in 1950, his heart unable to stand the onion panic of that year.

One of the more spectacular individuals in the coterie of those who wound up as millionaires is thirty-six-year-old Jack H. Kelly, the Parma Onion King. Kelly is a five-foot-eleven-inch, 200-pound, round-faced, apple-cheeked man with a booming voice and a big grin. There is, despite his boyish gusto, a healthy suspicion of the altruism of his fellow man in the canny glint in his brown eyes and the habitual way he uses "Yuh" as a sort of assent with reservations.

Kelly variously explains that he went into onion growing because "I was too dumb to do anything else" and "I was practically born between the onion rows." The latter were on his father, Robert Kelly's farm in Gun Marsh, ten miles north of Plainwell, Michigan.

After being turned down as an unlikely student by a Michigan College of Agriculture, he grew his first onion crop at the age of nineteen, on ten acres rented from his father. For the next several years, he made no money — "I mean none," he emphasizes. Then his father, now dead, bought 150 acres of swamp at Parma, a crossroads hamlet twelve miles west of Jackson, Michigan, and resold it to Jack for $15,000, to be paid as a mortgage loan with six per cent interest.

That was in the late 1930's. While the son was able to pay his father back in four years, he did not have a really good year until 1941, when he netted $8000 and married Barbara Walker, daughter of a Jackson automobile dealer. By 1951, ten years later, Kelly was making each of those 150 acres, plus twenty-five others, produce $1700 worth of onions for a total crop valued at around $300,000.

You can understand why Kelly eats onions at least twice a day, creates an incident when he cannot get them in a restaurant, invariably orders a Gibson cocktail and has given away 100 seven-dollar-and-a-half Countess Mara neckties of unusual design. These display his Yellow Globe onions hand-painted on a green background.

Franklin street onion brokers regard Kelly with some awe. He not only grows onions at a profit and, as a shipper, makes more money distributing his and others' onions to wholesalers but, as a member of the Exchange, will venture on the trading floor as his own broker when in a mood to speculate. In doing so, he never violates the brokers' superstition against hats

Handy Guide to Onion Futures

LET US TELL you how to make a fortune in onion futures.

It's the simplest thing in the world: All you have to decide is whether to buy or sell. It is not at all necessary to possess onions, if you're selling, nor to buy from someone who actually has onions. You are not dealing in onions, but in contracts to deliver them at a future date.

If your decision is to buy, you expect to sell anyhow at a later date and a higher price. If you decide to sell, you hope to cover, conversely, with onions purchased at a lower price.

The one difficult thing is knowing whether onions are going up or down in price, and we can let you in on a secret: No one on God's green earth knows that.

Onions have no price support, and no ceiling limits, factors which stabilize other farm prices. And the rules governing onion-trading permit transactions at the relatively enormous fluctuation of 50c per 50-pound bag, up or down from yesterday's closing price.

Finally, how 'do you know whether onions will be in short supply? It's difficult, even weeks after the last fragrant bulb has been up-rooted and tumbled into a burlap sack. Knowledge of how the weather was during the growing season will do no good: onions are grown in small lots, too widely distributed around the country for definite weather tabulations. And after the harvest, the vast majority are in "common storage" on the same widely-scattered small farms.

It's true that from year to year, supply remains about the same, and so does demand; huge numbers of consumers do not suddenly feel an urge to munch more onions this year than they did last. But from day to day, the question of whether this section of the country or that will move its usual quota agitates the traders. If you have sold more onions than you can deliver, your frantic scurrying for the last few bags, in those last days before delivery date, may send the prices soaring. Or if you're overloaded, attempts to dump them may plunge the value of onions below transportation cost.

Well, anyhow, that's how it's done. Let us know how you come out.

and women but blends into the weird atmosphere like a professional. There will be katatonic interludes when brokers and clerks stand around looking at one another, the floor or their fingernails. These will be sporadically shattered by manic spells of hoarse, frenzied yelping and handwaving of a sort reserved in most people's minds for their private conception of an insane asylum.

Thus is the price of onions determined. Contemplating his trading during the past winter, when onions rose from less than two dollars a sack in the fall to more than four dollars in March, one insider revealed, "Jack Kelly was pretty right in the market; he made a nice piece of change."

There is an old wives' tale that you avoid financial reverses by saving your onion peelings and burning them. Jack Kelly does it differently. On his onion farm, he demands that every weed pulled be burned. Weeds are one of the things put on earth, it would seem, specifically to drive an onion grower crazy. This assertion carefully by-passes the contention of some farmers that onion growers are crazy to begin with.

It is true that they undertake big risks for the rich rewards they seek. Indeed, the pitfalls filling the past of a side order of French fried onions make a two-dollar bet on a horse race seem, by contrast, like money in the bank. These pitfalls can be pretty well staked out by following Kelly through one year of onion production.

One thing is, he's a muck farmer. Muck imposes restrictions that an upland farmer would rather not think about. Part of the problem is that the marshlands and dry lake bottoms containing this black soil, rich in decayed vegetation, are geographically scattered and patchy, making it difficult to find any great amount of acreage in one piece. But mostly it's a question of hand work.

Onions, though they grow fairly well in loam, produce their highest yields in muck—1000 bushels to an acre is not unheard of. It takes watchful tending and much stoop labor to get half that many, however. Muck farmers figure that, in terms of man hours of labor, 200 acres for them equals 4000 acres of high land.

Anyone who owns 350 acres of muck, as Kelly now does, is not only ambitious but automatically a big operator. The 500 onion farmers in Michigan plant a total of 7500 acres, an average of fifteen per farmer. Kelly's production places him among the top two or three in his state and makes him one of the largest onion growers in the North. Michigan itself ranks fourth (after New York, California and Oregon) among the dozen states producing the vast bulk of the nation's onions.

Last year, the Jack H. Kelly Onion Farms, probably the only onion patch in existence with an airplane landing strip between its south ditch and the first row of onions, produced 122,000 bushels of so-called late-summer, or Northern, onions. This was an excellent crop, averaging almost 700 bushels to the acre, almost triple the national average. Still, it was 22,000 bushels off Kelly's peak year, 1950, when he raised 144,000 bushels.

About the middle of April, not long after the last 1951 onions had been replaced in the grocer's bins by early spring onions from Texas, he began planting his 1952 crop. The seeds, worth close to four dollars a pound, were drilled four pounds to an acre, in rows fifteen or sixteen inches apart and twelve to sixteen seeds per foot.

From here on, every onion farmer's neck is in a financial noose. Kelly's first big risk was that his crop would be drowned out, either due to poor drainage or simply from too much rain and run-off water from surrounding high land. Onion seeds take about ten days to two weeks to sprout. In a flooded field, the germinating seed will perish in forty-eight hours. As a safeguard, Kelly has surrounded his farm with big drainage ditches and throughout it has laid drainage tile in rows as close as twenty feet apart at

a depth of three feet.

Preparedness also carried him through the next big danger —— "blow out." Blown on a May wind, well-tilled, dried-out muck works as an abrasive powder against the bases of the tender young shoots, cutting them off even with the ground. Onion farmers use various devices to break the wind—rows of willows or onion crates across their fields or rows of grains between the onions. Kelly used barley. Sown at the same time as the onions, the grain appeared about a week ahead of them and provided protection until they were six inches high, around the first of June. At this time, the barley was cultivated out.

In 1952, a good many farmers had trouble with maggots. These are the larvae of a small fly closely resembling the housefly. The maggots, hatching when the onions are less than a foot high, attack the bulbs of the plant, not uncommonly destroying an entire field. "After this has happened three years in a row to the same farmer," remarked Kelly, "nine out of ten will be broke. You will see him cut back his onion acreage from twenty to ten to five and the next year plant potatoes, corn or carrots. We haven't been hurt by maggots—yet."

Next come the weeds. Machinery gets them between the rows; the rest must be pulled by hand. Kelly's labor foreman, Herbert Yokum, and the stoop labor now get busy in earnest. Kelly employs an average of eighteen Lithuanian and Mexican workers as year-around tenant hands for this work. An acre of onions must be weeded between three and six times per season at eight dollars an acre. Weeds from his farm are taken to a dump and burned, none being permitted to go to seed.

Then there might have been thrip. They are a constant worry to an onion farmer from mid-July until harvest late in August. The thrip is a winged insect, about the size of a pin point and resembling a louse. Its larvae sap the juice of the leaves and gradually kill the plant. The hotter and dryer the weather, the faster they work. DDT and other sprays are effective, however, and last year Kelly had no thrip trouble.

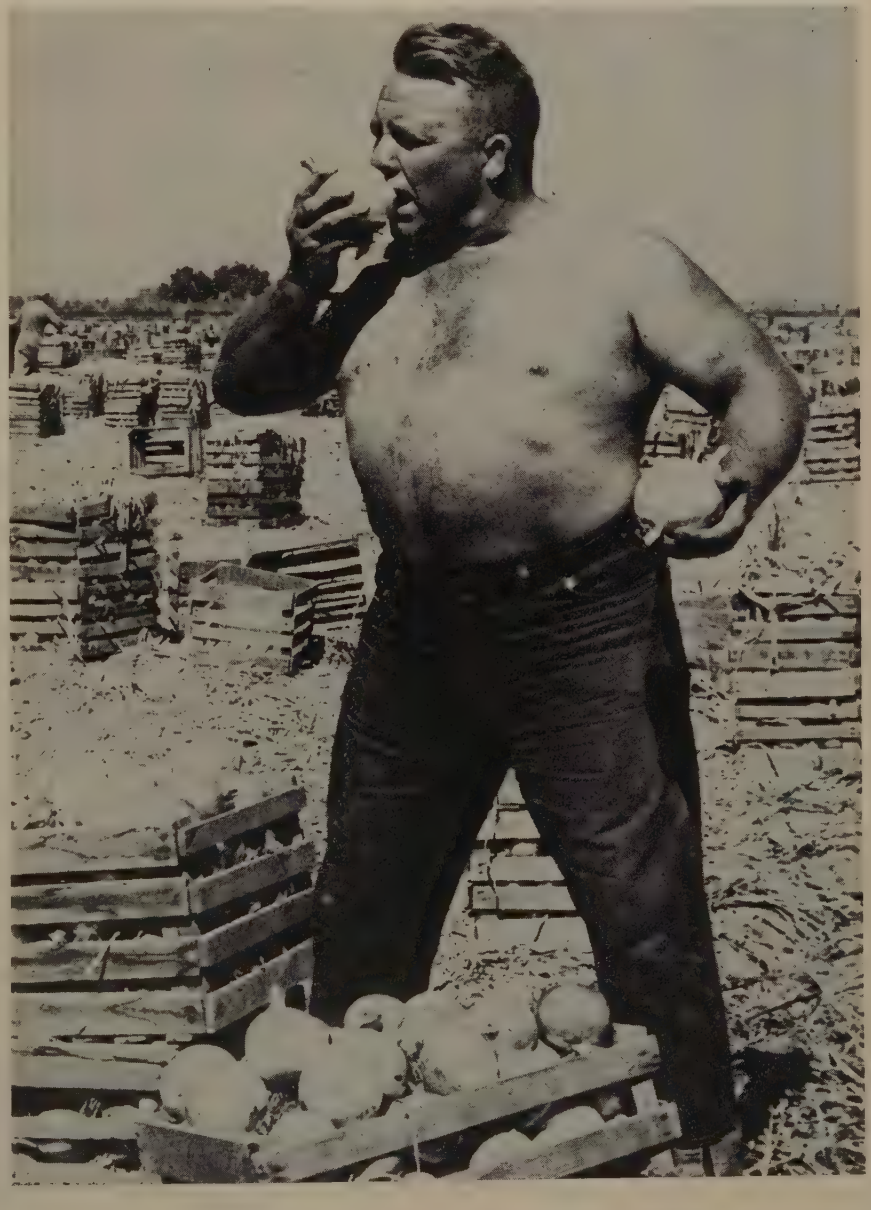
Mildew, a fungus which reduced the nation's onion crop a good bit last year, is a maximum threat during humid periods. It can strike with incredible swiftness, as Kelly learned at his own expense last summer. Everything seemed under control one day when he and Mrs. Kelly flew to Wisconsin on a business-and-pleasure trip. The next afternoon he got a telephone call from his farm manager, Ralph ("Peanuts") Gregorson. Walking between the onion rows, "Peanuts" had seen a brown patch of mildew about ten feet square.

It was then five o'clock in the afternoon. By 6:30, Ed Heminger, the crop duster, had been summoned from Benton Harbor to buzz the Jack H. Kelly Onion Farms with his Steerman biplane. Heminger coursed back and forth across the 175 acres at a height of five to ten feet, trailing a cloud of sulphur-and-copper dust. By nightfall, around nine o'clock, he had the entire job done. It cost Kelly seven dollars an acre, or approximately $1200. That night it rained, and the next day there were spots of mildew over a forty-acre area.

Gregorson called Kelly again and another dusting was ordered, beginning shortly after daybreak. Costly? Yes. But the onion farmer's stake is big. He must gamble accordingly. The dusting was repeated seven times, over a four-week period. Most of the mildewed plants were saved, and the rest of the field was protected.

"The summer is the easiest part of my year," grinned Kelly—and he meant it. Then he merely grows onions. In the fall and winter, he has first to harvest, then store, ship and market. At this point, he ceases to be a muck farmer and becomes a telephone

EX-WRESTLING CHAMP EVERETTE MARSHALL: MAJOR ONION-GROWER—& EATER



farmer. He has eight telephones in his farm office, farm buildings and home, plus a mobile telephone in his convertible coupe. The phone company keeps two circuits open for him between Parma and Jackson, as well it may, for his long distance tolls run $300 to $600 a month.

The 1952 harvest put plenty on his phone bill. The harvesting of onions, representing about half of the production cost, is always a headache. Sure, machines have been invented to pull, top, gather and sack onions, and Kelly was happy to have them during the war. But the best machines scratch and bruise a certain percentage of onions that human hands do not. Facing five to twenty per cent spoilage between field and market, the onion producer is alert to reduce shrinkage in onions and in price, which varies with the grade.

So Kelly resorts to one of the least dependable sources of help—migratory labor. By early November and the end of the 1952 harvest, he needed about 150 persons to do piece work for an average of six or seven dollars a day, or as high as ten for those willing to work faster than the next man. Half of this number were local people or from nearby states, young and old, good workers who come back year after year for his harvest. The other half were the problem.

To round out his harvest gang, Kelly last fall tried Mexicans, migratory workers who came up from Texas by truck. They did fine—until the first frost came in October. Then, as these people from a warmer climate will, they left. With a good quota of his onions still in the ground, Kelly resorted to radio commercials over local stations in Kentucky. He flew to Pikesville, Ky., met 40 applicants, and brought them up to his farm. Unlike less fortunate farmers, Kelly got his onions cured and stored in his big Quonset-type barn in good time.

ON THE PIKESVILLE trip, Kelly piloted his own airplane, a $20,000 Beachcraft Bonanza with a 700-mile, four-hour range and a cruising speed of 170 miles an hour. He started flying about ten years ago; this is his seventh airplane. It costs him thirty to thirty-five dollars a week, counting insurance, to keep it just sitting in the hangar at the Jackson Airport; but in the late summer and fall it does not sit there. Kelly flies about 50,000 miles a year, often with other onion growers as his travelling companions.

How he uses telephone and airplane to maintain his crop reporting system and to answer the one question that now pursues him—"whether to sell or not to sell,"—may be seen by taking a day last September. Kissing Mrs. Kelly and his five children, he leaves their ten-room house via the back door, and drives toward Parma.

On the way, he gets to wondering about the onion crop in the Arkansas Valley. There were reports it has been hit by mildew.

Taking his mobile phone, Kelly asks the operators for the Jackson Airport and checks the weather to the southwest. There is a broken overcast at 3000 feet over western Indiana and Illinois, an eighteen-mile-an-hour headwind and chance of thunderstorms in the afternoon farther west. He calls the control tower from the cockpit of his plane, files a flight plan, requests clearance to take off and is gone.

LATER IN THE MORNING, he calls Mrs. Kelly from Little Rock, Ark., and tells her, "I won't be home for lunch." She asks him what time he wants dinner, and he says, "I don't know. I'm going up to Denver first." The onion king is good about keeping her informed of his whereabouts, his wife agrees, except that he doesn't bother to call her if he flies only 200 or 300 miles. In that case, he will be home in time for dinner. "I fly," explained Kelly, "because I visualized the importance of it. I wanted to rely on my own judgment and not what someone else told me."

It scares him to think that he will lose around $1000 every time he guesses wrong by as much as a penny a sack on his onion crop. Actually, he stands to lose more if his judgment is bad. In addition to his own 122,000 sacks of onions, last fall he bought a somewhat larger amount from other onion growers. The shipping, mainly to wholesalers in the East and Southeast, is done by trucking companies at a cost of twenty-five to forty cents a sack. He went into onion shipping, he explained, "to keep my finger on the market, so I can sell my own supply at the right time."

All things considered, determining the right time to sell onions is analogous to finding a system to beat the races. Nothing is sure-fire. A farmer ready for market in October can sell in the cash market. If the price does not assure him a fair profit, and is higher in the future market for November or January onions, he is likely to store his onions and sell them under contract to deliver in one of these later months. This is hedging.

If the cash market goes higher, he can buy his futures contract back and sell for the better price. If the future price should drop, however, he has to post more margin on his contract or sell at a loss. The margin requirement is $500 per carload.

Kelly puts it this way: "If there are five per cent too many onions for the demand, the price may go as low as five cents a bag at the shipping point. The bag costs twenty cents. If there are five per cent too few onions, the price will be exaggerated to six or seven dollars a bag."

It is understandable, of course, that a certain amount of gambling fever permeates the onion business. If it's not the wind it's the weeds; if it's not the maggots, it's the mildew. For a few years, Kelly admits succumbing to this fever. He won some money speculating in futures and then lost it. Now he speculates a little now and then, as a smart man plays poker, for the sport of it.

Currently, Kelly belongs in the "technical millionaire" class at least. The possibility of salting down a million dollars being what it is, this term may be coined to designate a man who nets, before taxes, $50,000 a year—the interest on a million-dollar investment at five per cent.

Kelly may be a technical multi-millionaire. Onion growers generally figure that they need one dollar a sack to break even; anything above that is profit. Because of his exceptionally high yield, Kelly's costs are closer to fifty cents. Hence, his net income from his 1952 onions, sold after the market rose to above three dollars a sack, probably netted him between $150,000 and $200,000.

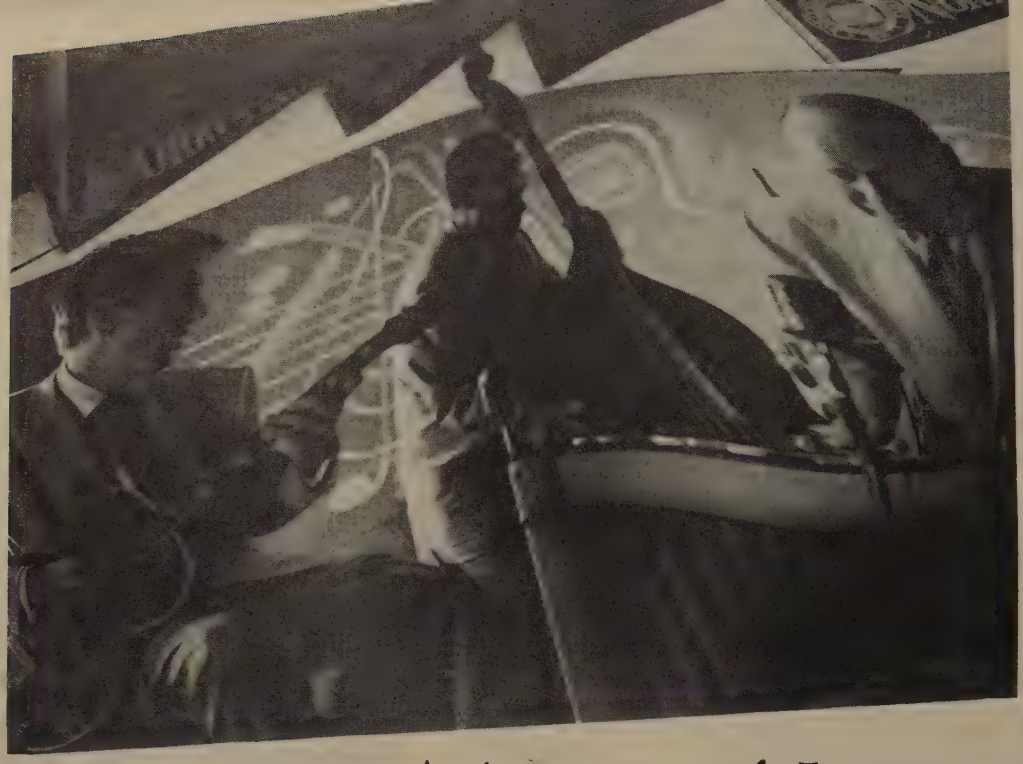
Asked recently about his lack of hobbies, Kelly said, "Yuh—no time for them." Later, doing a spot of baby-sitting while Mrs. Kelly and the housekeeper were away, he mused, in a mood of mingled fatherly love and general self-satisfaction: "My hobby is raising children. They don't mildew."

THE BLUE NOTE

LOUIS ARMSTRONG

By day, John Paul is a Waukegan commercial photographer. At night, he haunts The Blue Note, planting camera, tripod, and lights in the patron's rum swizzles. The following camera studies are presented through the courtesy of Mr. Paul and Frank Holzfiend, host at The Blue Note.

RAY BROWN



A three-in-the-morning jam session: **Tal Farlow, Charlie Mingus, Red Norvo.**

Aristocrats of Jazz

Bandleader **Woody Herman** cools a hot one.

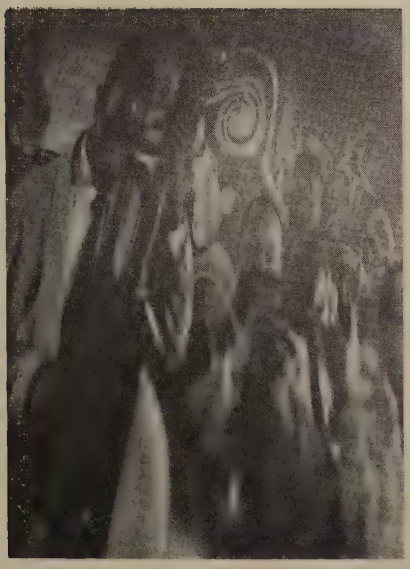
Dizzy Gillespie with his vibrations showing.

Still up front among the women vocalists: **Ella Fitzgerald.**

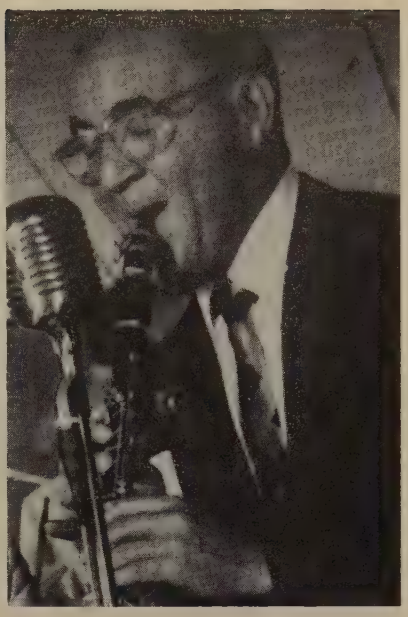
A link between New Orleans & Paris jazz: **Sidney Bechet.**

A girl who fills the room with silence when she sings: **Sarah Vaughn**

Time out: Canadian **Oscar Peterson**



Around a long time, and always up front: **Duke Ellington's** boys.



The Old Master shows them how: **Benny Goodman** and his clarinet.

Louis Armstrong with (right) **Jack Tiegarden** and **Cozy Cole** (left) **Orvil Shaw** and **Barney Bigarde.** This photo won a prize from the Professional Photographers Association.

Three of **Benny Goodman's** boys — **Terry Gibbs, Dale Jones, Ben Elliott**

Tomorrow's Chicago:

Garden Islands In the Lake

by Harry Weese

SINCE THE FIRST building-piles were sunk beside the river, Chicago has been excoriated by visitors and residents alike. Amid such a gusto of criticism, it is surprising that hardly anyone has put a finger on one of its major defects.

Half of the city is missing.

In form, Chicago is a half-moon which follows the curve of the lake, while it also bulges out backward in a disorderly sprawl across the prairies. North, south and west have been kept open (though not in a systematic or economic way), to accommodate its growth. But the city is cut short to the east. Except for the reclamation that gave us the lake-front parks, Streeterville, and the land reclaimed by the steel industries, the city's missing half lies 35 feet under.

The need to rebuild is so urgent that it has led to a local revival of city-planning, a social activity which originated here and was brilliantly embodied in the original Chicago Plan of Daniel Burnham. The plans now in view for remodeling the city, with their emphasis on the clearing of blighted areas, large housing developments, the construction of expressways, are well-calculated to reduce the welter of our urban life. But the problems have multiplied and grown more acute since Burnham. Present plans will improve the city. They will not renew it.

Other cities of our epoch have been given a second chance to rebuild only through military demolition. Chicago, whose motto, *"Urbs in Horto,"* now sounds like a bad joke, is unique; it can recreate itself by calling an immense new urban area out of the ooze of Lake Michigan.

Last fall, the American Society of Civil Engineers celebrated its 100th anniversary here in a convention which drew eminent engineers from all over the world. One of the features of this Centennial of Engineering was an Exhibit on Urbanization, assembled by Charles Blessing, Ambrose Richardson, the author and others. This exhibit was produced under the auspices of the American Institute of Architects and the Committee on Urbanization of the American Society of Civil Engineers. Its theme was the metropolis that might result from a dramatic remodeling and humanization of the local environment.

The exhibit accepted and embodied the Burnham Plan as adapted to the exigencies of the second half of the century. This plan calls for the breaking-open of the Loop to the West Side (already under way in the construction of the Congress st. expressway and the Medical Center) and the relocation in a landscaped strip city of the major civic buildings, public and quasi-public institutions. Corollary to this is the redevelopment of the blighted 40 square miles in the heart of the city, and the construction of an expressway network to break the existing traffic blocks and link the prairie suburbs effectively with the city.

To find the formula which will go beyond this unavoidable minimum of remodeling, the authors of the Exhibit on Urbanization went back to an abandoned concept of Burnham: the creation of pleasure islands in the lake by fill pumped up from the lake bed it-

HEDRICK-BLESSING

ISLAND CITY: ARTIST'S SKETCH SHOWING POSSIBLE FORM & LOCATION OF PROJECTED NEW "EAST SIDE" OFFSHORE

self and deposited in the shallower offshore stretches.

In returning to Burnham's concept, however, they have enlarged it to meet the need of a city immensely larger and more congested than his Chicago, a city whose current crisis is partly caused by the exhaustion of a basic resource: space for building.

Their proposal is to create two vast islands, in their final form approximately 14 miles long and one-half to 1½ miles wide, lying two miles offshore and connected to the mainland by a sheltered sound, to be spanned by a suspension bridge and reached also by subway tubes. It would extend, when completed, from about Montrose avenue on the North, to 51st street on the South Side. Ultimately it could accommodate living space for half a million people — the equivalent of a city the size of Cincinnati — but much of the new island space would be reserved for development as a vast public park and recreation area.

The placing of the islands two miles offshore is dictated by the desirability of creating an ample sound, and by the fact that, beyond two miles, the Lake, which is about 35 feet deep up to that limit, thereafter deepens to an extent which would make the creation of islands both uneconomical and, as an engineering problem, impracticable.

Can it be done?

The official view on the Exhibit was a dim one. The City Council, and most of those officially involved in civic planning, dismissed it as Utopian fantasy. But the project was not aimed at the aldermanic mind. As for those individuals engrossed in the immense effort to clear and rebuild blighted areas and construct vast new expressways, it is understandable that they should regard the island cities as remote projects.

It can be demonstrated, however, that, if begun modestly, the proposal is an eminently practical one on engineering, social and economic grounds.

The proposal to make land depends on the mentioned fact that for two miles offshore, Lake Michigan has an average depth of only

35 feet. Engineers agree that, to produce fill in the quantity needed to make from one to 25 square miles of land, equipment can be built which would reduce the cost of pumping to a lower rate per yard of fill than any now achieved. The value of the made land, it is calculated, would more than pay for the cost of the equipment.

How do we produce space for building at present? Either by a flight to the suburbs, which drains off more and more of our tax-paying residents and industries from the city, or by costly and prolonged processes of condemnation, wrecking, clearance and rebuilding. Land costs in even the less desirable areas are uneconomically high: new land offshore could be produced at figures that will compare favorably with the costs of acquiring existing land. And the islands in the lake will be unencumbered with the costly debris of slums and deteriorated industrial districts: a clean slate on which to write a new urban story.

The new city across the water would fill what is now a void: Lake Michigan is perhaps our city's most precious asset, but it is also, in its unrelieved emptiness, a bit of a bore. The bathtub regularity of the Lake would be broken to the delight of yachtsman and landlubber alike; and, for the first time, the residents of Chicago could take a westward perspective on their city, and see its march of skyscrapers along the boulevard from a proper vantage point.

That stretch of the Lake which would become the sound is now, and would be as a sound, wide enough for all navigation, from that of pleasure yachts to ore-carriers. It would also be wide enough to preserve the essential quality of the Lake Front, and even to enhance it.

The enclosed sound would be a vast new recreation area. Its coves and peninsulas would create richly varied sea- and landscapes. Its beaches and marinas would embellish a shoreline three times the length of the present one, two-thirds of which would be in protected water.

The lake islands should be zoned for parks, squares, lagoons, and forests as well as for residential districts, shopping centers, hotels and other accommodations. They would replace a vast dwelling area lost to blight, ease population pressure on the mainland, and lighten the load on existing transport systems. Decent surroundings excitingly islanded off the center of the city would call back many commuters. The tax base would be immensely improved, and the Loop would find itself with an immense new supply of consumers.

From the dredging out of the Panama Canal to the spectacular improvisations of the SeaBees in the Pacific War, America has shown that a characteristic feature of its energy and genius is earth-moving. Chicago itself, in a primitive era of engineering, made a river turn around: what it is challenged to do now, for the comfort, profit and delight of its citizens, is to reverse the fate of Atlantis, and raise its buried half from the bottom of the glacial lake.

A dateline of 50 years from now for the completed islands, does not frighten us. The prospect of making a beginning in the near future, by raising small nuclear islands from the water and landscaping them as parks and gardens, does not seem an unreasonable goal.

Can We Build Them?

IN AN EFFORT to get expert opinion on the feasibility of the proposal to build islands offshore, CHICAGO submitted the article by Mr. Weese to a prominent officer of the Chicago chapter, American Institute of Architects; to the president of one of the largest earth-moving companies in the United States; and to an investment broker who specializes in financing of large-scale real estate developments. In subsequent issues, the opinions of these specialists will be reported in detail. The following is a summary of their comments:

The Architect. As Mr. Weese says, the idea of creating islands off-shore was first proposed in 1909 by Daniel Burnham, who, however, had in mind smaller islands, reserved primarily for use as parks and for the provision of beaches and marinas. It encountered opposition by real estate owners who feared that the value of their shoreline holdings would be diminished by the islands.

The present proposal should remove the objections of the holders of riparian rights, who have, in any case, already been obliged to make concessions required by the building of the shore drives.

From the point of view of the builder, the proposed islands offer a superb opportunity to create vitally needed new residences in a garden setting, and to enrich the city itself.

The Earth Mover. The problem under consideration is a very interesting one, that will require a large amount of fill or yardage to be moved. Depending on depth of water at island location, and height of fill of water, approximately 50,000,000 cubic yards per square mile is required. In the event that creation of some 10 square miles of islands is envisaged, this would be 500,000,000 cubic yards.

This quantity of yardage is sufficient to justify the manufacture of specially designed equipment, which would pay for itself on this one job. A dredging plant much larger than any at present existing would greatly reduce the cost per cubic yard of pumping in the islands. As a matter of fact such a dredging plant would be essential to the success of the plan; at the same time, its construction is perfectly feasible.

Real Estate Financier. The Lake Meadows project, now under construction, has, according to the Land Clearance Commission, cost from $2 to $2.50 a square foot. Preliminary estimates, which include engineers' estimates of the cost of new equipment, indicate that filled land might be created, as Mr. Weese and his associates propose, for about $1 a square foot. To this must be added the cost of streets, utilities, expressways and tunnels. It seems reasonable, subject to detailed analysis, to conclude that the cost would not run higher than current costs for cleared and developed land in the city proper.

PORTRAIT

of a Liberal

by Saul Alinsky

CROSS out the pictures and feature stories and editorials that appeared in the papers when the event occurred, and ask any newspaperman: whose anniversary would bring together the cream of the Chicago Club and the Standard Club, of Lake Forest and Back-of-the-Yards society, of the sporting hangouts and the Board of Trade?

Bishop Sheil's, of course.

The multitude from high, low and middling strata of society who came together to honor his 25 year jubilee is even more remarkable when spotlighted against some of the dramas in which Bishop Sheil has been involved as priest and prelate. Many of those were calculated to alienate a large number of people who were, instead, eager to honor him this spring.

Take 1939, for example, when the CIO — young, busting with energy — came roaring into the packinghouse district. Back of the Yards, in Chicago's nationally infamous jungle, twenty-five thousand Poles, Slovaks, Negroes, Germans, Irish, Lithuanians and Mexican-Americans were banded together in the new union. They and the meatpackers prepared for the decisive battle. Both sides echoed the same cry; "We ask no quarter and give no quarter."

Then it broke. News editors shook their heads unbelievingly and asked for a recheck on the story, but it was true. Chicago's Catholic Bishop Sheil was going to open the Packinghouse Workers last-ditch strike mass meeting. The Bishop's presence would be taken as a church blessing of the cause of the workers. It would torpedo the entire publicity campaign according to which the CIO was a Communist conspiracy.

This fight was for stakes higher than the man on the street dreams about. All the chips were blue and they were all down.

The Bishop was warned. His life was threatened, a bullet shattered the window of a restaurant where he was lunching. But there was the other side, too. A star news reporter of a leading paper went in to see the Bishop. He faltered, "Your Excellency, I'm here to tell you that if you show up at that meeting that my paper will no longer help the work of your Catholic Youth Organization." He hesitated and continued, "And that won't be good." The ace reporter trembled slightly, "And I want to tell you for myself, as a Catholic, that if you do not show up, I will never go to church again as long as I live."

The night of July 16, 1939, the Bishop "showed." Police cleared eight blocks between his office and the Coliseum, and a personal bodyguard of fifty police were assigned for protection to the Coliseum. Once there, twenty thousand packinghouse workers inside the Coliseum and ten thousand standing outside took over. They would have torn to bits anyone who so much as looked sideways at their "good little Bishop."

He made history that night. He did not plead for understanding and the peaceful orderly way of democracy. He demanded them. He fought for them. Alternately praising and scolding the workers, he went on to flay the meat trust also. He fought with all he had, to prevent the strike. He knew the passions of the times and what must happen when thousands of men who earned their living using knives, went to war. And he won. There was no strike. The CIO and the meat packers came peacefully to terms.

For days afterwards, the packinghouse workers kept saying that Sheil had pitched another no-hitter! That went back to 1906 when Bishop Sheil, then Benny Sheil, pitched for small unknown St. Viator College against the University of Illinois, Big Ten baseball champions of the year. Sheil pitched a no-hit victory against a team from which seven members went on to the major league.

This was the Benny Sheil who turned down four major league offers. Ever since, he has played against the kind of opposition in which he has had to pitch almost constant no-hit ball.

Bernard James Sheil was born February 18, 1888, in a small, poor flat over a coal yard on Chicago's shabby west side. The horse-drawn coal wagons shook the Sheil flat up and down with their regular dumping of tons of coal. When the wagons were quiet, the elevated trains roared by, shaking the flat sideways.

In this five-room earthquake, Bernard Sheil grew up, a laughing, tough kid who never ducked an argument, and more important, never ducked the fight that invariably followed.

He worshipped his mother, Rosetta Sheil, and everyone else did too. Rosetta, or "Mother Sheil" as she was known to hundreds, kept open house every day and every night. People were constantly coming in for a meal and young Benny Sheil never forgot the sight of the numerous hungry visitors.

His father, James B. Sheil, went into the coal and ice business, prospered, and became active in politics. But he fought the practice of stealing ballots, so the machine went out to get him. A campaign of political persecution finally succeeded in breaking his heart. Once he turned to young Benny and said, "Power without Christian charity is truly the devil at work." And Benny Sheil never forgot.

Young Benny went to St. Viator's College and its seminary. On May 21, 1910, Benny Sheil became Father Sheil. When the first world

war broke out, Father Sheil became a Chaplain at Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

With the war's end, Father Sheil was assigned to Holy Name Cathedral, and also was given the duties of Catholic Chaplain for the Cook County jail. Here he saw human misery at its lowest. He walked in many a death march to the gallows. He saw not only the criminals but the responsibility of society for many of the crimes. And once again, Father Sheil did not forget.

In 1926 he became Monsignor, and in 1928 Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, and he still didn't forget. In 1930, with $150 and the blessing of Cardinal Mundelein, Bishop Sheil founded the now famous Catholic Youth Organization of America, or, as it is familiarly referred to, the CYO. The movement now extends through the United States, Canada and Hawaii. Its religious, athletic, educational, vocational and social service programs are open to youth of all creeds and colors. Hundreds and thousands of them are in it.

From here the Bishop went on to more and more projects. For those who want a general educaton in liberal arts, there is the Sheil School of Social Studies, which has three typical features: First, the emphasis on current basic social issues. Second, it ranges far and wide to secure competent authorities in each field to lecture on each specific program. Third, it is all for free.

For those whose interests run along technical and scientific lines, rather than social studies, there is the Lewis School of Science and Technology established by Bishop Sheil in 1931. Located about forty miles southwest of Chicago, this institution consists not only of the conventional dormitories and classrooms, but possesses its own airport and fleet of training planes.

Some years ago the Bishop became concerned about the problem of young working girls who came to the big city to get jobs. Now there is the CYO residence for working girls with counselling services, vocational guidance, placement, and until proper housing can be found, clean rooms, beds and food.

When the plight of the Nisei came to Bishop Sheil's ear, he promptly established a Nisei center. From here more than 250 Americans of Japanese descent have been housed and placed in jobs. When the Nisei were ready to take it over themselves, he turned it over to them.

Today the CYO work for the Porto-Ricans is one of the most important jobs being done on this growing problem. Here again, housing, jobs and food are found for them by the CYO.

HIS RECOGNITION of the evils of discrimination and restricted opportunities for Negroes lead him into taking many other actions on this front. One of them is the Sheil House, located right in the heart of the Negro district. Sheil House has a gymnasium, bowling alleys, locker rooms, assembly hall, pool rooms, canteen, clubs, libraries, reading lounge, and social room. It is serviced by a staff of experts in job placement, housing and other fundamental needs.

Deeply moved by the tragedy of blindness, he developed the Master Eye Dog Foundation. Here, thousands of dollars have been invested for the trailing of specially bred dogs which have been a tremendous boon to many of the sightless. The price of each dog? Just what the Bishop says whenever he gives you anything, "God love you."

Ever since his prison chaplain days, the Bishop has always worried about the men coming out of our prisons. He knew the critical nature of those first few weeks, so he established the Sheil Home for Parolees, which did everything in its power to help these men back on their feet and functioning again as self-reliant American citizens.

Then there is the CYO Boy's Camp, located in Libertyville, Illinois. Here a 110-acre farm containing 21 buildings is occupied by scores of boys throughout the summer months. Here, as in all of Bishop Sheil's activities, there is no such thing known as a color line or a religious line.

The Mercy Mission is another of the Bishop's undertakings. This was established particularly to help those boys from 12 to 18 years of age who were not eligible for care or who had not been able to adjust to the services of private or public agencies.

A listing of the Bishop's other interests would go on and on. But behind all these projects comes the very practical question, where does the money come from. All of these programs, schools, airplanes, camps, radio-stations and others cost money—not just plenty of money but scads of it. Where does it come from? I asked Bishop Sheil that question and he answered with a tone of finality. "God provides, as he does everything." However, there are a good number of affluent Chicagoans who report, "Well, maybe the Bishop's answer is right, but our checking accounts take a hell of a beating when he shows up!" One prominent financier told me, "You know, I'm opposed to practically everything Bishop Sheil represents. I don't like his stands on labor, housing and lots of other things. I'm not even sure that I like his brand of Christianity. Furthermore whenever he comes to me, I know its for just one thing—money. Each year I say to myself, 'This time the Bishop doesn't get a red cent.' I said that the last time. Well, he didn't get a red cent. He got fifteen thousand dollars."

Bishops are people and all work and no play not only would make Jack a dull boy but also Bishops. But even those who play with the Bishop find the going hard. On a golf course the Bishop whacks the ball around in the low eighties, and when Sheil bowls under 195 something is wrong. When bowling he chooses an end alley because of an astonishing habit of occasionally galloping down the side of the alley to help the pin boy set up the pins. The first time I stared at this spectacle of a bowling ball and a Catholic Bishop racing together, the Bishop noticed my expression and mumbled, "Well, just rolling the ball isn't enough exercise for me. I get restless!" He loves getting outdoors in sweatshirt, baseball cap, ball and glove to "throw a few." He still throws a "spitter." He says truculently, "According to baseball rules, all those using the spit ball before it was outlawed can still use it and I am one of them." It is not uncommon to see the Bishop's priestly assistants nursing split fingers after "the Boss has tossed a few." There are some who swear that Sheil could still stand most teams on their heads, between his control, change of pace and his spit ball.

One suspects the Bishop thinks so too.

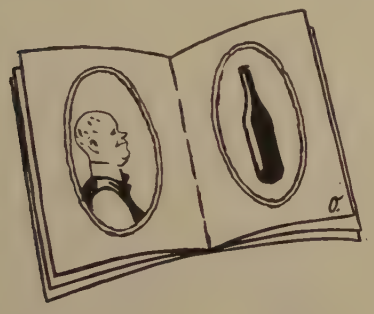
To the Malt Add Hops

by James A. Maxwell

FOR A NUMBER of years after prohibition forced the closing of his saloon on the West Side, Grandfather maintained a disdainful attitude toward the alcoholic concoctions bought or made by his friends. He regarded the illicit liquor that flowed freely in our city as a definite threat to life, and the home-manufacured beer as an insult to a palate that had known only the best products of middle-western breweries.

Possibly the fact that he had had the foresight to take personal possession of much of his saloon's whiskey stock before the nation went dry enabled him to be more discriminating than his fellow citizens. In any case, he steadfastly refused to share anyone else's bottle even when the owner was a friend who gave assurance the whisky had been personally smuggled over the Canadian border; I can only guess at the number of acquaintances he offended with his comments about their efforts as brewmasters.

Grandfather was a man of medium height with an erect, military



carriage. There was some evidence about his belt-line of the beer that had been a part of his daily diet for many years but in comparison with other saloon owners of his era, his figure was svelte. His hair was bluish-white and he kept it closely cropped to his scalp so that from a distance he looked as though he were wearing a skull cap. He was a high-spirited and gregarious man who had been thoroughly enamoured of the genial, informal atmosphere of his saloon. The advent of prohibition changed his social life as much as it did his business activity.

By carefully husbanding his stock, Grandfather managed to maintain his standards until the fall of 1923. At a family gathering in October of that year the final bottle was opened and finished. Grandfather's face was thoughtful as he poured the last drink — for himself — and deposited the bottle in the wastebasket. He emptied the shot glass into his mouth, swallowed slowly and then took a sip from a tumbler of water. He looked askance at the glass of water as he put it down. "Andrew Volstead," he said bitterly.

The next few weeks were trying for Grandfather less, I think, because of the absence of liquor itself than because of the change in his routine. As far-back as I can remember, he had always had three drinks each evening while he read the evening paper. Before prohibition he had drunk two glasses of bourbon and a bottle of beer; after 1918 he substituted an extra whisky for the beer. For some time after his supply had given out he would absentmindedly get out of his chair, start for the sideboard where he had kept his bottle, halt halfway across the room, turn abruptly on his heel and return to his chair. Occasionally he would mutter to himself in Gaelic. For the first time in the family's collective memory, he was consistently short-tempered.

The immediate family was living in close proximity at the time — my aunt and uncle on the second floor of my grandparents' two-family house and my parents and I next door — so all of us had a day-to-day view of Grandfather's discomfiture. Various means were tried to get him to adapt himself to the new era — even prescription-procured bottled-in-bond was offered —but he was firm.

The first step in his capitulation took place in February, 1924. My grand-parents and my aunt and uncle were at our home one Saturday evening and soon after they arrived, my father went into the kitchen and came back proudly bearing five glasses of beer. "A little experiment I thought I'd try," he said modestly as he passed the glasses to all the adults except Grandfather. Grandfather snorted but he didn't say anything.

"Are you making beer here in the house?" my Grandmother asked in some alarm. Grandmother had often worried about the possibility of prohibition agents arresting Grandfather during the period before his supply gave out. Even though he had assured her that his possession of the liquor was completely legal, she had become uneasy each time the newspaper had recounted a raid. Apparently my father's activities gave her new cause for concern.

"I just tried making a few bottles," father said. "I wanted to see how it would come out."

"But it's against the law," Grandmother said.

Everyone laughed. "Don't worry," my uncle said. "The whole town's making homebrew these days."

"Well, let's see how it is," father said. "I haven't tried it myself yet."

Everyone took a drink. "Not bad. Not bad at all," my uncle said approvingly as he put down his glass and stared thoughtfully at the ceiling.

Grandmother nodded. "It doesn't taste like the Moerlein's we used to sell," Grandmother said, "but it's cold and nice."

I spent most of the evening on the sofa alternately reading and annoying our dog while the adults played poker. Father made regular trips to the kitchen for additional bottles. Enthusiasm for his beer mounted in direct ration to the amount consumed. Grandfather had little to say but he looked more and more annoyed as

the critical acclaim mounted. Finally when my uncle said something about the foam having almost the consistency of commercially made beer, Grandfather spoke. "It looks kind of cloudy to me," he said.

My mother's and Grandmother's eyes met. "Why don't you try a glass and see what you think," mother said to Grandfather.

Grandfather glowered as though he were going to make a sharp reply. Then he glanced around the room at the others holding their glasses and he hesitated before he spoke. "Maybe I'll try a sip of your mother's," he said in a low voice.

Grandmother passed him her glass. He looked dubiously at it for several moments and then took a drink. He made a wry face as though he had tasted vinegar. "It's worse than I had imagined," he said as he quickly handed the glass back to Grandmother. He looked at father accusingly. "You used too much hops," he said. "Your malt is just plain bad and you used enough sugar to make lemonade. Also, the yeast feels as though it were sticking to my teeth."

Father looked c r e s t f a l l e n. "Well," he said defensively, "it's just my first attempt."

"Maybe if you were to filter it, you'd take most of the yeast out," Grandfather said.

"It might help," father agreed.

"Then, if you were to age it more and use your hops with some discretion," Grandfather said, "you might get rid of some of the harshness."

"I don't know anything about it," father said. "I just followed the directions one of the fellows at the office gave me."

"What kind of equipment do you have?" Grandfather asked.

Father shoved his chair back from the table. "It isn't mine; I just borrowed it. But why don't you come down to the basement and take a look," he said.

Grandfather glanced quickly around the table. Then he rose. "Deal us out of this one," he said to my aunt. During the interruption mother noticed that I was still on the sofa. I was ordered to bed and the dog was put outside.

The following Saturday afternoon father brought Grandfather and uncle home in his car. I was in my grandparents' home when the three men entered, each carrying a huge crock filled with packages. Grandmother and I followed them to the basement where they unwrapped the bundles. Besides the crocks they had bought rubber tubing, a bottle capper, filters, bags of hops, cans of malt, bottle crowns, brushes and other paraphenalia. While my father and uncle went out to the car to get the supply of bottles, Grandfather stacked the supplies neatly on a long table. When he had finished, he looked at them proudly. "Mary," he said to my Grandmother, "we're in business."

GRANDMOTHER looked at the imposing array nervously. "Jim Dunican," she said firmly, "you're not going to turn our basement into a brewery. It's against the law."

"No, it isn't," Grandfather said soothingly. "Maybe the police wouldn't like it if we had a still but who cares if we make a little beer for our own use. All three families are going to work together."

"I won't sleep a wink knowing that stuff's down here," Grandmother said as she climbed the stairs.

The following evening, an ex-brewmaster whom Grandfather had known for many years called at my grandparents' home. My father and uncle, along with my Grandfather had been awaiting the visitor and almost as soon as he arrived, all the men went to the basement. I was permitted to accompany them on the promise that I would sit quietly and ask no questions.

Grandfather and the former brewmaster did the actual work while my father and uncle observed from their seats on orange crates. Two of Grandmothers' huge open kettles — heretofore used exclusively in canning season — were utilized for cooking the ingredients on the small laundry stove. The hops were placed in a muslin sack and suspended like a tea bag in one container that had been partially filled with water. The malt was cooked in the other caldron. From time to time the expert used Grandmother's candy thermometer to determine the temperature of the liquids and father made notes on a slip of paper of the desired degrees of heat as voiced by the brewmaster. Finally, when the concoctions had been cooked for the proper time they were combined in the new crocks, several cakes of yeast were broken up and added and one of Grandmother's discarded bedspreads used as a cover. Afterwards the men went upstairs and drank some of my father's beer and made predictions about the improvements that could be expected with the new methods.

Two weeks later the entire family with the exception of Grandmother gathered in my grandparents' basement to bottle the beer. Grandmother flatly refused to have anything to do with such a flagrant violation of the law, possibly on the theory that one member of the family should be free to raise bond in case of arrest.

Grandfather had an assignment for each of us. My uncle and aunt worked at the laundry tubs, uncle washing out the bottles with a long, cylindrical brush and my aunt rinsing them with a mechanism that shot a geyser of water when the bottle mouth was placed over a nozzle. I was next on the production line with a funnel, measuring spoon, and a pan of sugar. It was my responsibility to place exactly one-half teaspoon of sugar in each bottle. Mother was next. She operated the siphoning hose that ran from the crock to where she sat on a small stool. The hose was equipped with a clamp that controlled the flow of beer. When she had filled a bottle, through a filter, of course, she passed it on to my father who put on the crown with a hand capper.

As soon as we became accustomed to our various jobs the system worked with amazing efficiency. When Grandfather, who acted as foreman, was satisfied with our performances, he began cooking another batch of beer. Before long the air of the clean, newly whitewashed basement was rich with the odors of hops and malt.

The setting was ideal for pleasant, informal family conversation. None of the tasks required much concentration and the time was spent discussing personal affairs, politics, the movies and other matters of interest. About nine-o'clock, Grandmother b r o u g h t down a large plate of sandwiches and some coffee. She looked unhappily at the mounting array of bottles next to my father but

she didn't make any comment. After a while she drifted into the general party atmosphere and even took part in a spirited argument between my mother and aunt over the relative histrionic abilities of Vilma Banky and Clara Bow. About ten o'clock the job was finished, the bottles were divided into three lots, one for each family, and after we said good night, my aunt and uncle and parents and I carried our portions to our respective homes.

Monday evenings in my grandparents' basement became a family institution after that first experiment. Along with the feeling of accomplishment that the sessions gave, they provided an opportunity to discuss and dispose of clan problems and, to a small degree, to enjoy the flouting of a despised law. The three women took turns providing the lunch, and my uncle, who had once been a baritone in a professional minstrel show, organized us into a chorus to lighten our labors with song. "The Robert E. Lee" was considered our best number.

The beer, itself, received more acclaim than my family probably felt. At least part of each Monday evening was devoted to comparing our product with that made by friends. Invariably ours was found superior. The consistency of our high rating did not mean that Grandfather and the others did not try for improvement. In spite of the filters mother used, there was always a quarter-inch of yeast at the bottom of each bottle and a relentless, though futile, battle was carried on against the condition. From time to time the amount of sugar was varied and Grandfather made endless experiments with hops and malt on the laundry stove.

Grandmother was the only member of the group who had any reservations about the advisability of the project. Since her tribal feeling was strong, she was probably happy about anything that brought the family closer together. On the other hand, she frequently voiced her worry about the indiscriminate bragging indulged in by her husband, daughters and sons-in-law, all of whom discussed our domestic brewery with anyone who showed the slightest interest.

All of Grandmother's fears seemed horribly realized one Saturday afternoon in September, 1924. It was a rainy day and I was shooting wooden bullets from a spring-operated revolver at a pillow on Grandmother's sofa when the doorbell rang again, this time more urgently. She hurried back into the living room and whispered hoarsely to me, "Stay away from that door until your Grandfather gets here." Then she disappeared into the kitchen and I heard her going down the basement steps.

Grandfather came out of the bedroom looking sleepy and fretful. "What the hell's the matter here?" he said.

"Somebody's at the door," I told him.

GRANDFATHER shook his head, went to the front door and opened it. "Hello, Jim," a booming voice said. "For a minute I thought nobody was home."

"Hi, Tom," Grandfather said. "Come on in. I was just taking a little nap."

A huge, red-faced policeman in a rubber coat, shiny black with rain, entered the room and took off his cap. "Just wanted to talk to you about the Knights of St. John party at the Armory," he said. "Where do you want me to put this wet thing?" he asked, indicating his raincoat.

"Just drape it over the chair by the door," Grandfather said. "It can't hurt anything there."

After the officer had shed his coat, Grandfather introduced me to him. The policeman took my hand into his enormous palm and looked at the gun I had stuck into my belt. "This ain't one of them gangsters out of Cicero, is he?" he said to Grandfather.

Grandfather laughed. "No," he said, "he's as law-abiding as the rest of us." He glanced out into the kitchen. "You don't know my wife, do you, Tom? She was around here just a minute ago."

"She went down to the basement," I said. For the first time we became conscious of the sound of rapid clinking of bottles downstairs. Grandfather blinked his eyes for a moment as though recalling the conversation that had awakened him. Then he looked at the policeman. "Good God," he said, "I have to stop her." He rushed toward the basement stairs.

The officer and I stared at each other in bewilderment for a moment and then with a common impulse followed Grandfather. We were halfway down the stairs when we heard Grandfather's anguished wail. "He's a friend of mine, Mary. He's a friend of mine."

We understood the plea when we reached the bottom of the steps and could see what was going on. Grandmother stood at the laundry tubs with an open quart bottle of beer in each hand pouring the contents down the drain. At her feet were at least a dozen empty bottles and four or five full ones. Only pure fright could have driven her to such an inadequate attempt to destroy the evidence for on the shelf at the opposite end of the basement were at least fifty or sixty unopened bottles remaining.

Grandmother didn't react to Grandfather's words and he reached around her and took the bottles from her hand. "It's Tom Bissinger," Grandfather said loudly. "He's just making a call."

Grandmother finally turned away from the tubs in a kind of trance. She looked at the officer with glazed eyes. "How do you do, Mr. Bissinger," she said in a perfect hostess' voice. Then her lower lip began to tremble and her eyes filled with tears. "You nasty prohibitionist snooper," she sobbed.

Grandmother went to bed for the rest of the day and didn't even get up to have dinner with Grandfather. He came over to our house for the meal and talked worriedly about the possibility of a nervous shock. He needn't have been concerned, however. Grandmother was feeling fine the next day, although she seemed more reckless than I had ever seen her before. "I don't care if you run a still or sell opium," she told Grandfather while mother and I were present. "Even a real arrest couldn't be as bad as those five minutes I was alone in the basement."

Monday evening she helped Grandfather with the brewing. He was, as usual, discussing means of improving the beer. "A lady down at the store told me," Grandmother said, "that if you put your hops in a metal container with holes in it, you don't get any taste of muslin."

Grandfather turned to the others and nodded his head slowly. "We might try that next week," he said. "We might just try that."

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MANDEL'S TOILETRIES, FIRST, STATE

The Founding of The Broadmeadow Quality Dry Cleaners

(A Commercial Chronicle)

The Broadmeadow Hounds were out for the afternoon
With Misses Brown and Jones and Messrs. Parmenter and Smith
And the drag had gone in a crooked course
From field to field with a tired horse
While many trades and professions were all assembled in pink,
Ready to start, and the dogs were beginning to think.

The course began not far from Pierre's French Drive-In,
Famous for Frenchburgers and for its fine French ice cream;
It went across the florist's land
Where the little firs for front yards stand
And then, beyond the railroad, gathered itself again
To avoid the Pure Oil station and avoid old Used Car glen.

The dogs, Bernice, Tom, Jill, Nanette and Plato,
Richard, Susie May, Lucy Belle, and pretty Flory Ann
Were in vitamin verve from good bone meal
And danced to the horn and sniffed in a swirl
And their ears swung low as their noses poked to go
Over the ragweed field and around the farmers' silo.

With a wave goodbye, the riders are after the pack,
Each rider upon a horse, each horse with a pink on his back
And they wouldn't return till the beeches burn
And they wouldn't turn round till a fox is found
In Skokie or beyond. So then, as they galloped away
The grooms resumed their cards and pups went back to play.

The chase went ahead apple pie to the old Northwestern switches
Where a skunk on right-of-way confused the hurrying bitches;
Then all went away in a circular play
And over a brook they ran like the book
And then, when dogs, and riders, and whipper and master and all
Were streaming along in the finest chase of the fall—

A frankfurter truck to Milwaukee, along the highway
Stopped for a stoplight. The daring dogs in dismay
Raised a debate and sounded in trouble
Then followed that freight of franks on the double

And all the nags poured after with no respect for the horn,
And the hunt had really begun as sure as you're born.

The hounds first stopped at Kroger's grocery.
Which sells in cafeteria style
And through the gate they broke, with yapping,
Taking their baskets all the while.
And as up and down the busy counters
Mr. and Mrs. Hound did go.
The clerks could often hear them mutter
In accents clear and timbre low:

"I didn't come for peanut butter
Or Mrs. Wagner's Potato Chips;
I didn't come for Tiny Pies
Or Processed Cheese, or Ivory Snow.
I came for links of wurst, I know.
So never mind the herbs and spice;
Straight Schultz and Goebel make us glow."

Oh, the Broadmeadow Hounds were busy the whole afternoon
And many a customer call they made on many a store
But the curious scent was never found
Of that speeding truck by a single hound
And when they turned back from Kenosha later that day
The riders were tired and sore and the moon was on the hay.

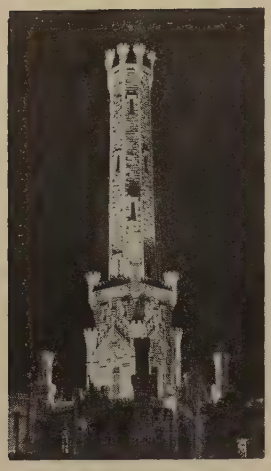
It was merely good luck that they found a Justice of Peace
Who had seen it start, and observed the route of the chase,
Who was willing to notarize a chronicle document
Explaining the whole surprise and the way the Broadmeadow went
As a most unusual matter that couldn't be helped at all
And not a black mark at all on the record of Broadmeadow Hall.

Yet, now and then, the matron wife of a Broadmeadow hunter bold
Will hear him wake at night and say, in a voice that is somewhat wild:

"I didn't come for peanut butter
Or Mrs. Wagner's Potato Chips;
I didn't come for Tiny Pies
Or Processed Cheese, or Ivory Snow.
I came for links of wurst, I know.
So never mind the herbs and spice;
Straight Schultz and Goebel make us glow."

And hearing this, she rolls and smiles about the muddy wretches
Who tumbled their derbies all around in wet and wildwood ditches
And makes a mental note to send her hunter's coat,
That went for Broadmeadow wieners, out to the Broadmeadow Cleaners.
And that's how our business was founded, don't you see;
Give us a call, at Broadmeadow Four—nine one two three.

by Reuel Denney



WEST

of the Water Tower

"If you ask me, this is a pretty dreary place," said the young millionaire. "Hardly one good nightclub, and there isn't a decent yacht mooring on the whole lake front. As far as I can see, there's nothing worth looking at, and nobody worth knowing, anywhere west of the Water Tower."

A Dry Martini & Spinoza's "Ethics", Please

WHEN Robert Maynard Hutchins set out to create a generation of philosopher-kings, he doubtless never thought the crusade would inspire Mr. Jimmy Wilson, coowner of the Woodlawn Tap, to turn the place into an intellectual outpost on 55th street's neon jungle.

Wilson was just another bartender working in a somewhat rundown joint nearby, when he and his partner, who is an ex-janitor named Mike Filz, purchased the Woodlawn Tap at 1172 east 55th Street four years ago. A big, easygoing man now in his forties, Wilson had made a lot of friends among the University of Chicago students and they started to gather in the new place nightly, drinking beer and indulging in endless polysyllabic discussions of the nature of things and stuff.

Their abstruse terminology made Wilson self-conscious; one evening he barged into the kitchen and exclaimed to a student employee: "Some guy just called me an incurable heterosexual; what does that mean?" The student decided that Wilson was not adequate for the realms of debate into which he was being initiated by his patrons and persuaded him to enroll in a Great Books course.

"I read a lot of books I never knew existed," Wilson says now. "I studied Plato, Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas and other philosophers. It was pretty tough going. I'd been out of school 20 years. But I kept whacking away at it and pretty soon it started to make sense and get interesting."

At the suggestion of two good customers, Jack Garrity and Dave McNeill, Wilson installed a reference library on the big, shiny white beer-cooler, and a spotlight to illuminate its titles for any of the tavern's regulars whose vision might have been blurred by prolonged immersion in the strong waters of, say, epistemology.

The shelf now contains 24 volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* Webster's *Unabridged,* a Rand-McNally *World Atlas,* as well as Shakespeare, Plato, Aristotle, Mencken's *New Dictionary of Quotations. An Introduction to Philosophy, Psychology,* the *Information Please Almanac, Who's Who in America,* the *Illinois Blue Book, Common Legal Principles, American Law and Procedure, Anthropology Today* (900 pages) and —just to help the young metaphysicians keep their feet on the ground—*Essentials of Infantry Training.*

Wilson thinks that the library assists in maintaining the peace not only in his, but in other 55th Street bars. "We get telephone calls all the time to settle arguments," he says. While he moved off to serve one patron at the bar with the latest Manchester *Guardian,* another illustrated his point:

Recently a bartender in a less literate joint down the street telephoned Wilson and said he had a bad argument going. The furniture in the place was in peril of being smashed on the head of one of the customers — a brutal iconoclast who had mentioned the Two Unmentionable Things about St. Patrick; that he was an Englishman, and that he did not convert Ireland, but at most effected a reorganization of the church there. Assorted O'Briens in this bar had risen against the blasphemy, and the bartender had telephoned the Woodlawn Tap.

So Wilson had hurried to his Encyclopedia, plunged into the appropriate volume, then slouched

back to the phone and reported dismally, "It's true."

McNeill and Garrity overheard this telephone conversation. They, in turn, raced to the volume, riffed through its pages, and stared with horror at the cold passages.

"Garrity," whispered McNeill, "it's a Frankenstein monster that we have created."

New Ferry. — *We learn that a number of our enterprising citizens intend to establish a ferry at Dearborn street. They expect to have a spacious boat to be driven by horses early in the spring. This will very materially relieve Clark street bridge, and be a great accommodation to the whole city, while it will render Dearborn street property much more valuable for business purposes. This is the kind of enterprize we like to see. It will be a "ten strike" for the owners of property. Go ahead, gentlemen.*

From the Democratic Press, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 26, 1833.

Mr. Sugano's National Sexing School

OF THIS CITY'S institutions of higher learning, only one is on record as requiring that prospective students have "sensitive fingers." The school, conducted in a near North Side coach house by nine members of a Nisei family, teaches an art as delicate in some respects as safecracking, surgery, or the construction of model square-riggers in empty wine bottles. The institution is the National Chick Sexing School, and the skill imparted to the students is that of determining the sex of a newly-hatched chick. It's a fact that anyone who hasn't acquired this skill, even a veteran poultryman, is quite unable to distinguish, at the hatchery, between a cockerel and a pullet.

Sensitive-fingered students at the National Chick Sexing School pay $700 tuition and spend a total of 500 hours in class during the 16½ week course. They learn how to grasp a chick's posterior and recognize instantly certain subtle differences in the natural endowments of the sexes.

Upon graduating, the student is presented with a "Certificate of Proficiency," which states that he has "passed the Qualifying Examination in Art of Chick Sexing, and is hereby acknowledged of having the ability of sexing baby chicks with the accuracy of 97 percent, and over." With a few years of experience, the young sexor may earn as much as $100 a day during the January to July hatching season.

"But we don't get very many students," complained George Sugano, registrar of the school. "It seems like only the Japanese boys know about sexing, and only a few of them take it up." The school now has only nine students, all of Japanese extraction. One is from Hawaii, one from Canada and the others from the United States.

Mr. Sugano and his brothers, Leo, Tom, Mack and Steve, with other relatives, operate the school and a midwest sexing service from two three-story buildings and a two-story carriage-house at 821-25 N. La Salle Street. The registrar himself sits in a linoleum-floored, fluorescent-lighted office at a big schoolroom-type desk with two phones on it. A short, heavy man of 37, he wears a double-breasted suit and habitually puffs at a cigar.

Mr. Sugano led the way to the carriage house and showed us the two classrooms located in it. Each is equipped with blackboards, work benches, bright lights, and several boxes full of immature poultry. While the chicks peeped witlessly, Sugano explained that the students attend class six hours a day, five days a week. They listen to lectures by Mack and Steve, who are twins, and practice their anatomical detection on live chicks. The course starts in mid-summer, just after the end of the hatching season, and is concluded toward the end of the year.

"Chick sexing was started in Japan 29 years ago by Dr. Masui of the Imperial University," Sugano, explained, speaking in a somewhat choppy Japanese accent. "The first sexor came to the United States 17 or 18 years ago and made a tour, teaching anyone who wanted to learn. Today there are about 2,000 sexors. Almost all are Japanese. I don't know why the Americans don't take it up. Maybe it's because their hands are so big, or maybe"—Mr. Sugano squinted through his rimless glasses—"because the Japanese have better eyesight."

Hatcherymen throughout the nation, he said, are beginning to take advantage of sexing. "Sexing saves them a lot of money," Sugano explained. "In the midwest, most poultrymen raise Leghorns and they don't want to bother with the roosters. But they have to pay the cost of feed and labor for a month until they can tell. If they hire a sexor, though, they can have the pullets separated from the cockerels when they are only a few hours old."

"What happens to the cockerels?"

"They drown them," Sugano muttered.

"A good sexor," he went on, "can sex 1,000 chicks an hour with 97% accuracy, or more. He gets a cent or a cent and a quarter a chick. He makes $5,000 to $7,000 for the season, and maybe, if he's above average, earns $8,000. The rest of the year he does odd jobs, works in factories or loafs."

The brothers Sugano employ as many as 100 sexors in the National Chick Sexing Association during the season and send them out on sexing jobs as far as to Texas and Nebraska. They maintain seasonal branch offices in Lincoln, Neb. and Oelwein, Iowa.

The brothers were born in Compton, Cal., where their father is a florist. "I didn't want to follow our father's business. I learned about chick-sexing 12 years ago and taught my wife and brothers," Sugano went on. "During the war, we were put in a camp. Then we were re-settled here. Our business is doing okay

now, but we don't get enough students. Why don't American boys go in for chick sexing?"

Well?

Strayed,

From Chicago, about the 8th of October last, a pair of OXEN, a Brindle, with broad set horns; and a Light Red; both fair looking and in good order when lost. If taken up by any person, charges will be paid. Information respecting them received at the Post-office, or if by letter, directed to Post Master, Chicago. They are supposed to have gone South, where they were raised.

From the Chicago Democrat.
November 26, 1883.

Some Facts About Lainey Rowse

"A MAN identified as Lainey Rowse, 41, died this morning in the Fillmore police station. He was found unconscious in the men's room of the station, and could not be revived.

"According to police, he had been picked up on suspicion during a narcotic raid, and brought in, but was released for lack of evidence. He had no prior police record.

"Rowse lived in a one-room-apartment at 3263 W. Taylor: Police quoted neighbors as saying that he was more or less of a recluse, and had no known relatives."

This news item was published inconspicuously a few days ago in one of the papers, and caught the eye of a reporter who was leafing through it at the end of his shift, instead of going home as he should have done. He pointed it out to a friend on the re-write desk, remarking: "That's a real big-city news item for you. First and last appearance on the public scene of nobody-knows-who named Lainey Rowse. He was around for 41 years. But all anybody is ever going to know about him is that he dropped dead in a gent's washroom."

The re-write man wasn't much interested. "That's all anybody would ever want to know," he said, after a glance at the story. "Just a drifter and if anybody tried to dig into it he'd probably find there was nothing to learn—just the usual stuff."

"What's just the usual stuff?" asked the reporter.

"Don't get literary," said his friend, and picked up a mess of copy.

The reporter was at the end of his work week, and had nothing to do for two days except some chores around the house, which his wife was more interested in getting him to do than he was in doing. So next morning, instead of cleaning out the basement, he went all the way from Ravenswood, where he lived, to the police station where Lainey Rowse had died, the saloon where he had been arrested, and the three-flights-up-and-back where he had been living.

Lainey Rowse had been picked up more or less by accident. Three policemen from the Fillmore Station had gone to the Eagle Sporting Club, which is on Taylor st. near Sacramento, to pick up a couple of the Sports who were understood to be narcotic peddlers. They spotted the pair sitting at a table in the back of the Club, which is one of those sleazy converted stores with a black painted window, a small dirty bar, a pool table and slot machines, unshaded electric bulbs dangling on black-taped electric wire from the ceiling, and a few knife-notched wooden tables with chairs and stools around them. The two suspects spotted the policemen, too, and emptying the cans from which they had been drinking beer, started to move casually toward a door in the rear of the club. But one of the policemen, Joe Ponec, who is a sergeant and a big solid Slovak, had started moving toward the back almost as soon as he and the two other cops had come into the club. He pushed the door to the back room shut as one of the dope-peddlers opened it, and collared them both.

There was a certain amount of commotion in the Club when this happened, but none of the other dozen-odd Sports did any more than get up from a chair or turn around from the bar to watch. All except a slender, slightly horse-faced man who was sitting in the farthest corner of the room—behind the pool table— drinking rye. This was Lainey Rowse, and he got up and made to run out the front door. One of the policemen grabbed him by the collar, and Rowse, without saying anything, tried to squirm free. He didn't succeed, and was taken along to the police station with the other two.

At the station, Sergeant Ponec, who questioned Rowse, noticed that, in addition to being sullen, he seemed a little bit dazed and shaky. He didn't like to answer questions, so, though they had nothing against him, the policemen decided to shove him into a cell for the night to cool off. (The two narcotics peddlers had heroin and marihuana on them, and were booked, but a lawyer and a bondsman turned up early in the evening, and the peddlers walked out with them. They had only spent about two hours in the station, and less than half of that time in one of the cells.)

Rowse, who possessed neither narcotics, lawyers, nor bondsmen, and, as it turned out, very probably had never seen a marihuana cigarette in his life, stayed in his cell until morning. The night policeman said that Rowse didn't appear to sleep much during the night—he just sat on a bunk with his head on his hands, or laid on his back with his eyes open. He came out in the morning looking white as a sheet, but otherwise seemed more collected and in control of himself than he had been the evening before.

BY THEN the police knew that they had nothing to hold Rowse on. He had no police record, at Central Headquarters, "Scotland Yard" or any where else. The owner of the Eagle Sporting Club, a citizen named Ed Hooley, reported that Rowse had been coming in there for a couple of months, usually drinking rye by himself, occasionally knocking the balls around on the pool table, watching television or talking briefly with one of the Club's regulars. He made a living as an unskilled laborer, and the Club proprietor thought he had recently been working in a coal and lumber yard.

Once a couple of drunks had started a brawl in the Eagle Sporting Club, the proprietor remembered, and Rowse, who was in the bar, had looked at them, startled, for a moment, and then walked out. He came back in again in a few minutes and finished his drink. The proprietor didn't think Rowse had acted as though he had been scared—he just didn't like the brawling and

got out of the way until it had been stopped.

When Rowse was let out of his cell in the morning, Sergeant Ponec told him he was free to go, as soon as he would give them his street address—which he had refused to do the night before—and offered him a cup of coffee and a doughnut. Rowse gave his address, at 3263 west Taylor, ate half the doughnut and sipped the coffee, and then asked where the men's room was. He went to the back of the station-house, found it, and pushed the door open.

Sergeant Ponec, who had telephone calls coming in, forgot about him until one of the policemen starting on day shift went into the men's room and found Rowse lying there. He was unconscious, glassy-eyed and had little flecks of foam on his mouth and chin. He remained like that until pronounced dead by a neighborhood doctor the police called in after starting the pulmotor on him.

This much the reporter learned by going to the police station and talking to Sergeant Ponec. He also dropped by the Eagle Sporting Club and talked to Hooley and a couple of invalids who were making an early start on their whiskey therapy. (This was around eleven in the forenoon). They had nothing to add to what the reporter had already been told except that Rowse talked with "a funny accent." Hooley didn't recognize it, but one of the barflies thought it was hillbilly. Sergeant Ponec had noticed this, too, and said Rowse had indicated that he came from —or had lived in—Kentucky or Tennessee.

THE LANDLORD where Rowse had lived, three flights up in a dirty small room looking out over the unpaved, mud-rutty alley, knew almost nothing about his tenant. The landlord ran a grocery on the ground floor, and said that Rowse had only lived there a few months, had only a handful of belongings which he had lugged into his room in a rope-bound valise, and dropped in to pay his room rent regularly every Friday night. Sometimes, other evenings, Rowse didn't come home at all, but the landlord thought that he might have been working late and stayed in the lumber yard.

Which lumber yard? Neither the police, Hooley nor Rowse's landlord knew, and none of them cared, but it probably had to be one of three or four lumber yards which are located just east of Kedzie and between Taylor and Roosevelt road. The reporter was ready to be convinced that it wouldn't do him any good to find out, but he had made a long trip from Ravenswood, and it wasn't noon yet. He had a sandwich and beer in one of the bars, and went toward Roosevelt road, looking for lumber yards. At the first one, nobody had heard of Lainey Rowse. At the second, The Progressive Coal & Lumber Supply Co., they had. He had worked

there, mostly daytimes, sometimes until late in the evening. In such cases, he would occasionally sleep in a little shed at the far corner of the yard.

The foreman at the Progressive Coal & Lumber Supply Co. is a fellow named Jack Orley. He had hired Rowse, and found him a good man for the work he had to do—strong enough to drag fairly heavy pieces of timber about, and reliable. After Rowse had been working a few months, Orley offered to make him responsible for checking the yard's flow of lumber. It meant a few dollar's raise, but Rowse had refused it.

"He just wanted to do so much, and be let alone," said Orley. "So OK, I let him alone."

Orley and the reporter walked back to the shack and went in. It wasn't more than seven feet by five, smelled of sawdust, and had one of those cretinously-benevolent calendar nudes on the wall. There was also a sagging cot, with an army blanket over it. On a nail above the cot was an old coat, with a sleeve torn at the shoulder-stitching. Orley took it down, and looked at it.

"Must have been Lainey's," he said. "I think he wore it to work once, and then left it here."

THE FOREMAN poked his hand into the pockets, and from the inside left one, he brought out a wallet. As he opened it, a photograph fell out on the bed. The reporter picked it up and looked at it. It was a picture of a woman, quite ordinary looking, a hard working farmer's or laborer's wife in a gingham dress, holding a little boy with a peaked staring expression and a big shock of hair. Nothing was written on the photograph, but inside the wallet Orley found a page of writing paper. Just one page—it proved to be a part of a letter, but the opening and ending pages were missing. It was in ink on lined paper, the sort used in grade school, and in a woman's handwriting. It began and ended in the middle of sentences.

"and any way nobody blamed you about Ella" the letter said. "fact they thought you had done right, especially after putting up with such a lot when you was sick yourself and had to work so hard. It wasn't fun to come home to that house with Ella like that. We know that. But what the folks feel bad about, and even the friends of yours down in the village was your going off when Tommy was sick. Just as though you didn't care any more because Ella got like that and said those things. You was crazy to believe that about her and the Farney boy even if she said it herself. She did it to hurt you and I guess it hurt all right, to get you going off like that with no word to any one. Didn't you think about leaving Tommy alone like that. You got to"

The letter ended there.

Sergeant Ponec thinks that eventually they may be able to find out something more about Lainey Rowse, by following up on the names in the letter. Some place in Tennessee or Kentucky, maybe, Tommy and whoever wrote the letter are living, and waiting to hear from Lainey Rowse. Maybe Ella is curious about him too. But it's not sure that they will ever be located, and if they are, they will learn that

Lainey Rowse was hurt so bad it took the heart out of him, and he just drifted up to Chicago and stayed there until he died.

The usual stuff.

Emigration to Illinois. — The *Green River Advocate, published at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, says: The number of persons that daily pass thro' this place, on their way to the State of Illinois, is immense. Many of these people seem to be much more wealthy and respectable, than those we have observed moving to that State in former years. A company passed, in which were five large well built and heavy laden wagons, and six neat two horse carriages, filled with females. The fertile lands of Illinois must invite men of enterprize and capital; and e'er long we expect that this young State will take a conspicious rank among her sisters of the Union.*

From the Chicago Democrat, *November 26, 1833.*

"If Thou Warn the Wicked . . ."

WE HAD DINNER the other day with a man who left both a LaSalle street brokerage office and Chicago in the thirties. He had just returned to town, after nearly twenty years, to have a look at his old haunts. The street hadn't changed so much, he said, but while walking down-canyon toward the Board of Trade building, he suddenly became aware that something, someone, was missing. After a little thought, he realized that the little old man who used to patrol LaSalle during the noon hour, waving a Bible above his head and warning lunchgoers to repent, was gone.

"What ever became of him?" our friend asked.

The old evangelist of whom he spoke was Edward Frederick Miller, one-time protege of Moody, who, at the age of 69, took up a mission to convert LaSalle street —or at least, denounce it.

Nowadays, only the honking of horns and the blasphemy of taxi-drivers puncture the street's respectable sobriety. But not so during the twenties and thirties, when Mr. Miller was on guard against Satan. We remembered one time in particular—just after Insull had been acquitted at his first trial. Mr. Miller stood in front of the Board of Trade. Everytime a newsboy yelled "INSULL NOT GUILTY," Mr. Miller bawled back, "All GUILTY BEFORE GOD." Although he ranged all over the Loop, his favorite street was LaSalle. "I'm after the big fellows, the money fellows. They don't care about God," he used to say.

Standing in front of the Continental-Illinois Bank, he would eye the homburged bankers coming and going, and proclaim in an outraged voice:

"Proud America! Rotten as Sodom! Your day is done!" Then, sometimes, he would embellish this warning with, "End in HELL!"

His intonation had the manner of the outdoor evangelist, but his voice had a mightier ring than most, and, never, for all his years, a hint of a quaver. We had been told that office workers heard him plainly from their perches 20 stories above LaSalle. His voice was his only asset, he used to say. His throat, browned and lined like his face, free-wheeled inside a wing collar; the throat muscles hung down in the baggy skin of his neck, like a turkey cock's. He impressed us as calm and affable; a man of experience; unreasonable but not remotely pathological.

Mr. Miller seldom drew a crowd, but when he did, and a new policeman came along and asked what was he doing, Mr. Miller would say, "Making the Devil MAD, instead of GLAD! Look at the crowd gathering," he would tell the cop. "You go about your business and I'll go about the Lord's."

If this failed, Mr. Miller would show the cop a typewritten card signed by Capt. David Fynn, then head of the police traffic division. The card read: "To all officers of the Central Traffic Division: I have known Mr. Miller for several years. His work is commendable. He is not discommoding anyone. You will not interfere with him in any way, and if others attempt to discommode him you will assist him in his meritorious efforts."

During a talk once, he told us he was born Dec. 8, 1848, which made him 86 years old at the time. His birthplace was a small town near Scranton. His parents, immigrants from Hanover, Germany, were poor farmers. Although Mr. Miller's father was not a drunkard, he occasionally hoisted a few. Mrs. Miller then would weep and young Edward would tell her that he would rather die than be like his father. Edward never drank or smoked all his life.

When he was 19, he was "set afire" by hearing the 33rd chapter of Ezekiel read in a rural Methodist church. The chapter says in part, "If thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it, and he turn not from his way, he shall surely die in his iniquity, but his blood I shall require at thy hand."

That started him into evangelism. His voice and a railroad ticket supplied by an older brother sent him to a Denver mission in 1870. There, while conducting an evangelistic service, he met, and later married, Miss Mary Drake.

"Mary, I have an idea that I'll rove all over the world in Christian work," he told her, and she replied, "I'll never stand in your

way." She never did, all the way till her death in the twenties. She bore him four children, two of whom died in infancy.

While in Denver, in 1881, Moody heard him sing and brought him to Chicago. For 35 years, Mr. Miller said, he sang on evangelistic missions all over the country with a colleague named D. W. Potter. In 1917, after Potter died, Mr. Miller, then 69, began his missionary work on LaSalle street. He lived with a married son, who supported him. (The son had gone to the University of Chicago, which offended Mr. Miller, and Mr. Miller's proselyting offended his son, but they bore with one another.) Although he never solicited donations, he would accept those offered. Did his long years on the Street do any good? "I don't know," Mr. Miller once said. "But, oh, it gives me a wonderful satisfaction. I've melted an audience many a time with my pathetic songs, but when their emotions have subsided, their conversion subsides, too."

What ever became of him?

The Moody Bible Institute remembers him only as an eccentric of the twenties. Several of the older clergymen of the city were equally vague and most of the newspaper files were blank. Then the librarian at the *Tribune* fished from its files a paragraph story. It said Mr. Miller had died on February 13, 1941. He was 91 years old at the time, and hadn't been heard hollering by the big-money fellows since a few years earlier.

Strangers. — *Never before, at this season of the year, have we met so many strange faces in Chicago. We have heard this remark again and again within a few weeks — During the fine days of last week our streets were literally crowded. The thing is very easily accounted for. Charge this to our railroads. Look at the arrivals in our hotels from day to day, and the places from which they come and you will be astonished at the multitude of people that are constantly in motion. We wish that some of the city papers had had the enterprise to publish the arrivals at the hotel for the last few years, that we might compare the list with that which we publish daily. Hereafter the public will be able to see how great the tide of travel is. When all our railroads are completed we shall not have any* dull season; *but business will flow on in one uninterrupted stream. Again we urge, by way of improvement, as the parson says, "Hurry up the railroads."*

from The Chicago Democrat
November 26, 1834

How to Organize the Eggheads

THE TYPICAL Chicago precinct captain calls himself a "presint cap'n." He is a paunchy and red-faced backslapper who exudes cigar smoke, glib promises, bad English, and whisky fumes. His aim is to get out the vote for his party, and he does this by straightening out little misunderstandings between the voters and the police, arranging city jobs and providing coal to needy families who vote the straight ticket.

Frank Bane, Jr., the Democratic captain of the 5th Ward's 43rd precinct, wants to get out the vote, too. But Frank's talents as a vote-catcher could be utilized in only a few of Chicago's 4,000-odd precincts, and, of these, perhaps fully only in the 43rd, where he is equally at ease slapping backs at ward headquarters, savouring martinis in company with visiting Washington bureaucrats or listening to talk big and small at university lectures and teas.

Bounded by 56th and 59th streets and Ellis and Kimbark avenues, the 43rd precinct takes in U. of C. dormitories, fraternity houses, three theological seminaries and numerous faculty homes, including that of Chancellor and Mrs. Lawrence A. Kimpton (both, incidentally, registered Republicans). Voters in this area rarely have trouble with the police. Practically no one wants a City Hall job. Those whose heat is not provided by the university are able to buy their own coal. The typical precinct captain would consider it a political never-never land, peopled by ideological maniacs.

This is because the university eggheads thrive on political dissent, and minority parties always pick up votes in the 43rd. Splitting the ticket is held to be a point of honor. So, though normally Democratic, it is never considered safe for the party. At any election, a sizeable portion of the egghead constituency is likely to stampede left or right of center over issues unheard of in such primitive paradises of straight-ticket voting as the River Wards or Lake Forest. These issues may easily range from some Thomistic proposition in the field of natural law to a program for the control of atomic energy. Frank's capacity for plausible patter in such areas — and, at a minimum, his ability to look knowing instead of blank — is as important to his vote-catching as another presint cap'n's ease of access to Paddy or Tony over at City Hall.

A 27-year-old bachelor, Frank was born in Knoxville, Tenn., where his father was welfare commissioner. Six years later, the family moved to Chicago, where Frank Sr. became director of the American Public Welfare Association.

Frank got into politics when, in 1942, he and some classmates in the University rented a basement flat in a tenement building, christened it the "Dog House," and used it for parties and dances.

Frank Ford, captain of the 55th precinct, in which the Dog House was located, asked Frank if the city could rent it as a polling place on election day. "Sure, if we can watch," said Frank, then 17 and game for anything new.

"He didn't care one way or another, so they made several of us poll watchers," Frank recollected. "That got me interested in politics. The politics I had been acquainted with was pretty much on a high level — the people who were running the show. It was kind of impressive watching the precinct captains getting the vote out, keeping track of who voted and

hunting up those who didn't. Things weren't as simple as I had thought. I had decided to study about government in school, so I figured I'd better find out what goes on in the precincts."

Frank volunteered his services to Ford as assistant captain. Under the tutelage of the veteran, he pushed doorbells for FDR in the precinct in 1944, with good results.

BUT DESPITE his impromptu success as a ward-heeler, Frank departed from the university without a degree in December of 1948. "I was thrown out," he declares. This ended speculation among friends that he had been hoping that the university would some day set up pensions for students. But he did get a degree in public administration from Roosevelt College, and he continued to help out Ford. In the summer of 1948 he won recognition from ward headquarters.

The Democrats were stuck with a sure loser, name of Harry Truman, that year, and some precinct captains were abandoning ship. Frank was commissioned a full captain and given command of the 43rd. Capt. Bane quickly appointed several students as his assistants and together they set the 43rd's doorbells a-buzzing.

Truman got 231 votes, 10 more than Gov. Dewey. This was pretty good considering that Norman Thomas drained off 70 egghead votes. (Claude A. Watson, a Prohibitionist, and Edward A. Teichert, a member of the Socialist Labor Party, each drew a vote also.)

There followed a short stretch selling insurance until Frank, who had been 4-F in World War II, was drafted on Sept. 16, 1950. But he was discharged two years later and was back in Chicago only a day when he became a deputy clerk of the Municipal Court. "It's the only office in the City Hall where you work eight hours a day," said Frank. "I think Joe Gill is trying to get into heaven. I came home dead tired and then I had to go out evenings and weekends canvassing the precinct."

With the assistance of the Independent Voters of Illinois, Frank saw to it that all eligible students were registered. (The professors are mostly Republicans, so he ignores them.)

On election day, nearly 100 per cent of the eligible voters in the 43rd turned out to vote. "When the polls opened," Frank recalls, "some lawyers from the quote Young Attorneys for Stratton unquote arrived and said, 'You have 175 fraudulent registrations.' I said, 'Call 'em what you may, but everyone of them is going to vote.' Everyone of them did."

Frank was pleased to report to ward headquarters that Stevenson drew 273 votes, 105 more than Eisenhower. Vincent Halliman, the Progressive Party choice for president, got six write-in votes, and Eric Hass, Socialist-Labor, one vote.

Frank gave up his City Hall job after the election but keeps up his contacts with the constituency. He has discarded his old ambitions of becoming a government career man.

"It's no good," said Frank. "In the first place, you work at a sacrifice. Then maybe there's a mysterious phone call that you read Karl Marx once. Somebody gets excited. You're ruined.

"I might run for an elective office some day, but only when I've got a certain basic income, am not responsible to anyone and can deal the cards my way."

While the most parboiled among 5th ward eggheads are not wholly pleased over Frank's entrance into politics, at least two of them are moderately favorable—Sen. Paul Douglas and Ald. Robert Merriam.

"Such men are badly needed," says the Senator. "The voters will receive him well and I think will be won over to a different feeling about politics. Politics is a noble profession if nobly practiced. Incidentally, the word 'idiot' is derived from a Greek word meaning 'one uninterested in public affairs.' "

The Treaty

We cannot forbear even at this late period to notice the conclusion (by the commissioners) of the Treaty with the Potawatomie Nation and other Indians in this vicinity. By this Treaty, the Indians have relinquished all their right and title to the lands in this State, and neighborhood, and to an important reservation *on the St. Joseph's.*

In making this negotiation with the Indians, the Commissioners found in the onset, much difficulty. The various and clashing interests of the Traders were powerfully operating, and altogether seemed, for some days, to render doubtful the accomplishment of this great and vastly important object. Col. Owen's influence and great exertions with the Chiefs and Headmen of the nation, had a most happy effect in bringing the Indians to understand the importance of treatying with the Government.

The stipulations and terms of the Commissioners, on the part of the Government, were liberal toward the Indians: no more so, however, than was required by a high sense of that strict Justice which has always been pursued by our Government towards its Aboriginals, the success of which policy is now operating, by the grand and signal exertions of the present Administration, to the incalculable advantage of our Nation. By a vigorous and unyielding pursuit of this policy, the improvident and unsocial Native is peaceably & comfortably *removed from the settlements and depredations of the* civilizing *borderers, to the enjoyment of his own* native rudeness, *in the rich and impentrable wilds of the "Far West."*

From the Chicago Democrat, *November 26, 1833.*

ELLIOTT ROBINSON

AS WE WERE

Names, faces, & events you read about as news (if you're forty) or heard about as history (if not).

DAILY NEWS

"BE A CHICAGO BOOSTER," cried Big Bill Thompson. "Throw away your hammer and get a horn!" Big Bill (above) blowing his horn at the celebration of his second election as Mayor.

DAILY NEWS

"EVERY DAY in every way, we are getting better and better." Emil Coue (above) at a 1923 play.

SUN TIMES

SHE SANG. Not only that, she could act. Not only that, she was beautiful. Mary Garden, 1919.

SANITY TRIUMPHED in 1895 when the policeman ordered those reckless fools from Kokomo, Indiana, to clear their contraption off the streets. (Below) "And don't come back with it!" he admonished them.

SUN TIMES

NOBODY PAID much attention to Cap Streeter, down on the Lake Front — until he claimed he owned it in 1921.

He could not be coaxed, bullied, or beaten into talking—but he confessed

The Man Who Listens To Bloodstreams

by Norman Calhoun

BENNETT WILCOX is the name of a short, sandy-haired, hard-faced ex-hillbilly—it's his word—from the Illinois Ozarks who has cleared a space for himself in a thinly-settled profession: that of private criminologist. He has persuaded friends and clients into accepting his assurance that he is not a private detective—"that's somebody who chases a crook until he catches up with him and then calls a cop"—partly by his success in developing an improved lie-detection machine, but more spectacularly by a feat which specialists in the field say is unparalleled. In a murder case where there were no witnesses and no trace of the victim's body, he obtained a confession from a hardened killer despite the fact that the man couldn't be coaxed, bullied, or beaten into talking.

This happened one day in the summer of 1946 and I witnessed it because, as a newspaper man who had once been a police reporter, I had dropped in for a casual talk with Wilcox, who was sometimes good for a hot weather feature.

"You might as well do a little honest police-reporting, now you're here." Wilcox had said, "You came in just when I was going to work on a real daisy."

I asked what it was, and Wilcox nodded his head toward the door of a back room in his suite of offices. "There's a thug named Nicholas Calas in there. Ever heard of him?"

I shook my head.

"The police are sure—so am I—that Calas has committed a murder. They have his record—he's a thug with two convictions for armed assault. They have his motives: robbery and theft, and they have what he took: a wallet and a Packard sedan. They even have fingerprints. But there are two things they don't have: the body of his victim, and a confession. They'd like very much to have one, or both. Otherwise, he's going to beat the murder charge, and just get a sentence for robbery and theft."

"I see. Have they tried roughing him up?"

Wilcox shrugged his shoulders. "Calas is not just another punchy with a gun. He's tough—really tough, tough, tough. It's not merely that he won't admit anything. He just won't talk. He won't talk at all."

"Not even to ask for a lawyer?"

"Not *since* he asked for a lawyer. He was picked up in Peoria last week, and brought back here on suspicion. From the start, his line has been that he didn't know anything about the case, and wouldn't say any more until he got a lawyer. He got a lawyer after he was brought back here, but the lawyer must have thought that Calas had the right idea. He hasn't talked since, either."

"Where do you come in?"

Wilcox reflected a moment. Then, creasing his lips in a smile which made his face look even harder than it normally did, he said:

"I'm trying to get a confession out of him."

"You can make him talk when the police can't?"

"Not at all. At least, I don't think so."

"If he won't talk, he can't confess anything."

Wilcox smiled, again. "Do you think so? That's what they say at headquarters, too. But I'm going to start talking to Calas in that back room in a few minutes, and ask him some questions. I don't think he will answer any of them, but I think he will tell us where the body of his victim is, anyway. And when we find that, I think he will confess."

I was baffled, and my expression must have shown it. Wilcox, crushing out a cigarette, leaned toward me. "Look," he said, with controlled excitement. "I'm going to try something that's never been tried before: I'm going to try to read a man's past: what he did, when he did it, how: by his pulse, by his heart-beat, by the way he breathes, by how much he sweats. Even though he refuses to say a word. It's never been done. But I have a hunch it might work. Would you like to see me try? I could use a witness, any way, in addition to the police."

I nodded my head. "Sure. What's it all about? What do you have on him?"

Wilcox handed me a folder, and

busied himself at his desk while I leafed through it. Its main content was a report prepared by one Walter O'Malley, an officer attached to the detective bureau, who had been assigned to investigate the disappearance of Walter Hillyer, an insurance underwriter with offices on Jackson boulevard and a residence in Lake County, Indiana. Mr. Hillyer had left his office on a Thursday night, presumably to drive home for a long weekend; he had not been seen or heard from since. The police both in Lake county and in Chicago were notified by Mrs. Hillyer on Saturday morning, but nothing was turned up until the following Thursday, when an abandoned Packard, which proved to be Hillyer's, was located by the Peoria police in a garage in that city.

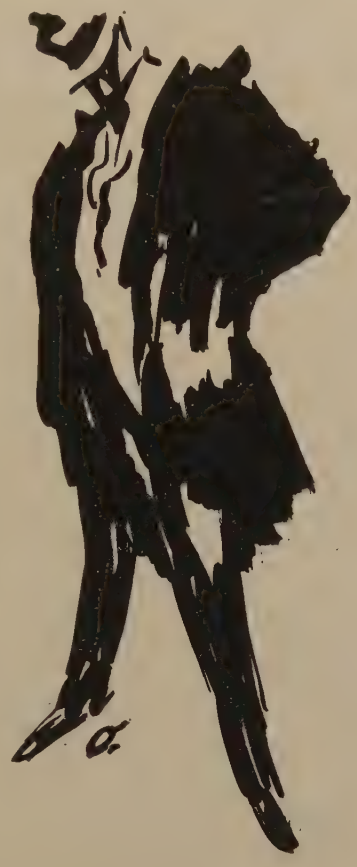
O'MALLEY, who was instructed to follow up on the case, found fingerprints on the car which were identified in the Chicago police files as those of "Nick the Greek," a minor but vicious hoodlum whose last name was Calas. His photograph was given to a Peoria police squad, and in a routine check on transients, they located Calas at a motel outside the city. He was picked up and brought to the Peoria police station, where O'Malley questioned him.

Calas admitted he had been driving the automobile, but claimed that he had bought it from someone in Chicago he couldn't identify. He denied ever having seen Hillyer—or Hillyer's wallet, which was found wedged down behind the front seat of the car, empty. Finally, Calas said he wouldn't talk any further until he had seen a lawyer. He was taken back to Chicago for further questioning, but unsuccessfully. Since the evidence against him was substantial, it was thought possible that his lawyer would advise him to plead guilty of manslaughter. But this did not occur, and following his interview with his lawyer, O'Malley reported, Calas had literally refused to talk at all.

There was some further routine observations, which wound up the report. When I had finished reading it, Wilcox put it inside a desk drawer.

"I see the Chief of Detectives from time to time," Wilcox told me, "and when I saw him two or three days ago, he had just finished sweating it out with his staff about Calas. The man's as surely guilty as a man can be shown to be without his own confession or the body of his victim. And they can put him away for stealing the automobile in any case. But without the body or a confession, they can't convict him of murder. That's the law."

"I went home and thought it over. Generally speaking, I only use a lie detector in certain



private services, and where people under suspicion are willing to be tested, and a court action isn't necessarily involved. But—the idea hit me suddenly—suppose we could force Calas to reveal the whereabouts of his victim by using the lie detector? A court might throw out any confession obtained that way, but it couldn't ignore the body. And then I got the idea that I might make Calas confess even if he didn't talk. I phoned the Chief of Detectives that night, talked to him some more about it yesterday, and he agreed to give me a try."

"And just how," I asked, "are you going to go about it?"

"That's what you're going to see right now." Wilcox went to the door of the back-room, and threw it open. I followed him inside.

The suspect was sitting on a chair against the wall, handcuffed between two detectives. At a word from Wilcox, one of the latter unlocked the handcuff on Calas's left wrist, and went to stand by the door. The other got up too, tugging at Calas's wrist to make him rise, and then led the way to a large metal chair, with concave grooves in its broad arms, which stood in front of a barred window. Wires led from various parts of it to a large box whose flat top carried an arrangement of dials and automatic graph-writers. While Wilcox fiddled with it, I took a long look at Calas.

What I saw was a stocky figure of a man, short-legged, deep-chested, with a sallow, waxlike complexion. Calas's bushy hair and eyebrows were black, like his eye-pupils, and his closely-shaven chin and jaws were black, sharpening the contrast with the pallor of his forehead and cheeks. I had the feeling that this pallor was accentuated by fatigue and strain. Calas was half-dead from lack of sleep, and if he had been left to himself, might have simply slumped back in the chair and closed his eyes.

But what struck most was a kind of detachment in his expression. He looked as though, having made up his mind not to talk, he had sealed his lips for good. He offered no resistance to being put in the chair, and paid no attention when Wilcox busied himself fixing wired rubber attachments to his arms, chest and fingers. But there was nothing somnambulistic about him; he was aware of every move made, and had steeled himself once and for all not to give.

It was easy to understand why: Calas had no gang connections. This meant that, with his past record, he had little chance of avoiding a heavy sentence simply on the theft of the automobile; if he were definitely linked to the murder of Hillyer, he was almost certain to end in the electric chair.

From a cabinet in the room, Wilcox took out what appeared to be a collection of cards, about the size of a sheet of writing paper, and dropped them on a small table next to the lie detector. Calas, whose eyes were fixed on the wall opposite, did not glance at them, nor at Wilcox, as the latter stood next to him, offered a cigarette which Calas ignored, and asked:

"Just for the sake of the record,

let's start with your name. What is it?"

No answer.

"Nobody's going to keep you in jail for telling us your name. Besides, we know it already. It's Calas—Nicholas Calas. Is that right?"

No answer.

"You say you're not guilty of anything. If that's right, you have nothing to be afraid of in answering questions. Besides, I'm not in the police, in case you think I am. Do you know what my job is?"

Wilcox went on talking for several minutes. He talked casually, not always asking questions, trying to coax a yes or no answer out of Calas, or just a nod or shake of the head. He might have been talking to the wall. The man sat there, his bloodless lips compressed, his blue jaw steady, occasionally blinking or shifting his eyes from wall to floor to wall. It would have been easy to imagine that he was a mute, or deaf.

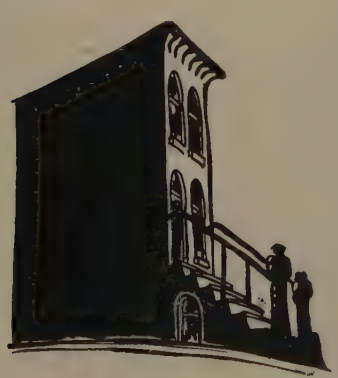
After a while, Wilcox changed his line; he appeared to get angry. He ran sneeringly over Calas's police record, his aliases, his underworld connections. He talked about the women Calas had associated with, including one he had married, and asked: "Tell me, Calas, is it true that you first met her in a call house?"

Insulting this man was as useless as coaxing him. The needles on the recording face of the lie-detector fluctuated only within the range of a normal pulse-beat, respiration-rate and perspiration-index.

Wilcox paused for a moment to light a fresh cigarette. "Look, Calas, I can keep you here all day—and all night, too, for that matter—or you can be out of that chair in two minutes. All I want you to do is answer five questions I'm going to ask you, yes or no. I'm not going to take down the answers, so there won't be any record of them. And when I've asked them, I'm finished. Is that a bargain?"

Calas looked at the floor.

Wilcox shrugged his shoulders, drew up a chair, and went on asking questions. Few of them had anything to do with the crime for which Calas was being held, and most of them were inconsequential. On the faces of the two detectives a look of curiosity had given way to one of patient boredom.



SUDDENLY WILCOX got up from the chair in which he had been sitting. "People like you go into crime not because they are too stupid for anything else," he went on saying in a pedantic way, "but to make a living, just the way other people go into business. That's where my interest in a person like you comes in, Calas, I'm not interested in the police angle of it at all. Do you see what I mean? My approach is a scientific one . . . "

Still talking, Wilcox had picked up one of the folders lying on the table. He opened it up so that we could see that it was a map. Abruptly, he placed it just at the level of Calas's downward gaze at the floor, and said:

"We know from Hillyer's regular itinerary that you could have gotten into his car, and robbed and killed him, in any one of three states he normally travelled in. And we also have the maps of those states which he carried in the glove-compartment of his car. Incidentally, they have your fingerprints on them. This" — and he held it steady before Calas's eyes — "is the map of Wisconsin from Hillyer's car. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer in Wisconsin?"

While he held the map where Calas could not avoid looking at it, Wilcox's eyes darted toward the graphs where the man's pulse, breathing and perspiration rate were being recorded. Their normal steady rhythm had perhaps quickened a bit, to Wilcox's practiced eye, but that was all; it meant nothing except an increase in alarm and tense watchfulness on Calas's part.

Now the criminologist folded up the map, resuming his casual talk, but as he did so he picked up another map and opened it out. He held it horizontally a foot in front of Calas, who had raised his head slightly so that he was gazing directly at the wall, and said:

"You know this map, too, Calas. It's got your fingerprints on it. It's a map of Indiana. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer in Indiana?"

Calas stared stonily at the map, then dropped his eyes indifferently to the floor. The graphs moved only in their steady, slightly quickened rhythm.

Wilcox dropped the second map on the table, and picked up a third.

"There was another map in the Packard, Calas. I've got it here; take a look at it. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer in Illinois?"

Calas, because his eyes had no escape, looked at the map. His head jerked slightly to the left, he turned his gaze for a moment to the locked door, and then it was somehow dragged back to the map.

I noticed this, but Wilcox did not: his eyes were fixed on the lie-detector graphs. A faint smile thinned his lips. The pulse-record had made a full stop, for a few moments. Then it raced. The index of Calas's breathing climbed sharply, and his perspiration-rate rose.

Wilcox pulled a small photograph from his pocket and shoved it in the line of Calas's vision.

"There he is, Calas. That's a photograph of Walter Hillyer. You murdered him in Illinois, didn't you?"

An expression came into Calas's eyes as of a man who is trying to look at something without seeing it—to stare through it. But the pen which was recording his pulse-beat sent a jagged, stammering line of panic across the graph, and his breathing quickened again.

Wilcox flipped the third map onto the table, and picked up another folder. It contained a series of maps—one for every county in the state of Illinois.

"You know most of Illinois like a book, Calas, and particularly between here and Peoria. I happen to know that. You operated out of Peoria as a heister in the twenties. I doubt if there's a back road between here and Peoria that you couldn't find your way over at night, or a county you don't know your way around in. Let's see if I'm right."

He thrust one of the maps in front of Calas.

"Let's assume you murdered Hillyer in Illinois, Calas. We don't know yet how you did it, but that can wait. Right now, we'd just like to know where it happened. This is a map of Woodford county:

you know it, Calas. Most of the roads from Chicago to Peoria pass through it and go over one of the bridges across the Illinois river, into Peoria. Did you murder Mr. Hillyer somewhere in Woodford county, Calas?"

Beads of perspiration gathered on Calas's forehead and upper lip; his right lip twitched. Wilcox saw the perspiration; it was written on the graphs in a suddenly rising curve. But he merely put the Woodford county map away and picked up another one.

"I would have bet it wasn't Woodford," he remarked to Calas, conversationally, "too many main roads, too much traffic. Risky even at night. Not a nice, quiet place for a murder, is it, Calas? Same problem up Route 29, along the west side of the river—towns and traffic. Now if you could have gotten Hillyer, either by telling him about a short cut or by sticking a gun in his ribs, to take one of the back roads which cut straight toward Chicago through Livingston county—that's a different matter. County roads, not much traffic, especially at night. Easy to get out of sight. Not a bad place to kill a man, and not a bad place to hide his body."

HE THRUST THE MAP under Calas's nose. "Did you kill Mr. Hillyer in Livingston county?"

The graphs began to weave their stammering, drunken lines even before Calas looked at the map. His face still remained impassive, but now not his eyes. In their hollow sockets they began suddenly to flit, flit, flit. The tic twisted the left side of his mouth and inexorably something brought his eyes to fasten on the map. He held them there, and held himself in a tight impassivity, except for his eyes and the side of his mouth, staring with a tense look at the map.

Wilcox looked at the jagged notations on the graphs, and said aloud, but as though to himself: "We can pin him down here." He put aside the map he had shown to Calas, and picked up a bigger one. It was another map of the same county, Livingston, but it showed roads and towns in much greater detail.

"You're cracking up, Calas," Wilcox said in a matter-of-fact tone. "You can't keep this up. I'm going to hold this map well away from your eyes. You don't have to look at it if you don't want to. But there's only one good road that you can take through Livingston county to Chicago. That's Route 66—goes right through Pontiac. Somewhere along that road, you either killed Mr. Hillyer, or else you turned off the road to do it. I'm going to take you over every mile of that road, and we'll see if you don't tell us where you murdered him, whether you talk or not. I'm going to do it, if it takes me all day and all night. Do you get it?" He paused a moment, cruelly. "Do you begin to see what's happening to you, Calas?"

At that moment the prisoner hunched forward, twisting with his powerful shoulders against the straps which held him in the lie-detector. The two detectives, whose expressions had changed from boredom to electric interest, were on him in a second; they clamped him back into the chair, and he held himself rigidly in the position into which they had forced him, a voiceless sigh seeping between the white creases of his lips. Then his face went blank again.

Wilcox took a quick look at the graphs, and then crouched beside Calas, shoving the map urgently into his line of vision. "This is the main highway through Livingston county," he said. "It goes through Pontiac, and for somebody heading for Chicago, via Joliet, there's no other way to go. I'm going to show you a map of every township and every intersection it goes through, and then I'm going to ask you one question: did you murder Mr. Hillyer at this crossroad?"

There was a tearing moment of silence. Then—

"That," said Wilcox as he straightened up, "really did it."

We were suddenly watching a vile nightmare—the nightmare of standing by and watching a man in his collapse. Though Calas did not realize exactly what had happened to him, or how he had been tricked into it, he knew now for certain not only that he had betrayed himself, but that he was going to betray himself further—to the edge of Walter Hillyer's grave in a ditch, to his own searing moment in the electric chair. This was happening to him, even though he had not said a word. He had held out against sleeplessness, questioning, and whatever kicks and cuffs the police may have given him. He had known that if he opened his mouth he was damned, and that if he said nothing, he would have a chance. He had hung on, with only a few hours of restless sleep snatched here and there, over the days and nights. Despite that, Wilcox, and this apparatus to which he had been strapped, were dragging out of him somehow—out of his very silence—the road he had travelled that night with the dead man in the dead man's car, right up to the place and moment where . . .

Calas sobbed. His sobs came in rasps, heavy and long-drawn-out, hoarse and weary. Between the sobs he cursed, hoarsely, feebly, monotonously. He slumped with his elbows braced against the arms of the chair, and his head bent down, in the exasperation of his panic and fatigue. His legs were twisted but rigid, one over the other. With a kind of doggedness, he sobbed and cursed.

The breakup of someone vicious but tough is a shaking spectacle. I turned away to light a cigarette, until the detectives, at a motion from Wilcox, who had been coldly holding them back and looking down at Calas, pulled his crossed legs apart and propped him up in the chair. They held him there until Wilcox motioned them back.

"OK," Wilcox said brutally, "Calas is going to tell us about the rest of his trip through Livingston county."

It went quickly, from then on in.

The sweat filmed out on Calas's face, and blotted itself on to his shirt at the neck and shoulders. His powerful fingers crushed against the armrests of the chair. He sat bolt upright, leaning forward and panting, and glared—like a murderer—at Wilcox and at no one else. He never said a word.

But he could not keep his eyes away from the little maps which Wilcox was showing him.

He could play deaf, he could

play dumb; he may have withstood beatings, lights in his eyes and a sleep continually interrupted for further questionings. But he could not close his eyes to the game of life-and-death to which Wilcox had invited him. Something within him kept his eyes open, and dragged his gaze from the walls, from the floor, from the ceiling, from Wilcox's face, every time a new map was held out in front of him, showing the stretch of road that ran southwest to northeast, across the prairie flats of Livingston county, Illinois.

WILCOX HAD SHOWN about a dozen maps, watching the readings on the graphs for each one as he did so, when he stopped. He put aside those which he had not yet shown, and presented Calas a second time with one which the man had just looked at. As he did so, Wilcox pointed to an intersection on it. "The Penhill road, Calas," he said, "the last road you get to before you get out of the county." He moved his pencil below the intersection — southwest on the map. "Tell me, did you kill Mr. Hillyer *before* you got to Penhill road?"

Calas's agitation had forced the graph-readings higher than they had been at first; but there was no marked change now. Wilcox moved his pencil to the north side of the intersection.

"Did you kill Mr. Hillyer *after* you passed the intersection?"

The readings for pulse breathing and sweat suddenly shot up.

"That's right, Calas," said Wilcox approvingly, just as though he were cajoling a fretful child. Wilcox's hand, holding the pencil, moved up the road, northeast. "Tell me, did you kill him *after* you passed the Penhill road?"

And the readings shot up higher.

Wilcox moved his finger across the map, following the highway up toward Joliet.

"Not after?" He held the pencil pointing at the road, while Calas stared, panting, at the map. The readings on the graphs kept up their nervous dance. Wilcox, who had looked puzzled for a moment, hesitated; then for the first time a light smile broke across his face.

"Tell me something, Calas," he went on. "After you murdered him, you must have buried him some place. You're too smart to have just dumped him out, and besides, one way or another, the body would have been found by now. So you must have stopped the car and buried him some place. Did you bury him on the left side of the road?"

There was no response from Calas, and no confession etched on the red ink of the charts.

Wilcox's hand moved across the road and paused.

"Did you dump him out and bury him on the right side of the road?"

There was a moment's pause, while Wilcox looked at the leaping lines of ink on the graphs. Then he looked at Calas, and afterwards up at the two detectives and me. He stood up from his crouching position beside the suspect, threw the pencil on the small table beside the lie-detector, and said:

"That's all, Calas. You've told me all I want to know." In a voice which had suddenly become tired, he said to the detectives: "Somewhere along the right side of the road, you'll find the body. It shouldn't be hard. It's only a mile and a half, two miles at most, between Penhill road and the county line. He couldn't have buried the body very deep, or covered it up very well, working alone at night. He might not even have had a shovel. In fact," he said as an afterthought, "let's find out if there's a hardware store or something of the sort along in there, where somebody like Calas came in and bought a shovel. That would really clinch it. . ."

"Look out," I shouted.

Calas had pulled himself out of the chair, but he did not go for Wilcox nor for the door. Cursing, he threw himself on the lie-detector, and began tearing like a maniac at the pens and assorted dials on its face. He clung to it with both fists until one of the detectives pulled a billy out and rapped him across the back of the skull.

I had stepped into this scene by pure accident, in the course of what I had thought was a routine call. But for the rest of the day, back in the City Room, I couldn't master my impatience to find out whether Calas's unspoken confession had been as real as Wilcox had made it seem. Finally, just before going home, I put through a call to the county police station in Livingston county. In less than a minute, the sergeant who answered the phone had Wilcox on the wire.

"It paid off," Bennett Wilcox said, without waiting to be asked, as soon as he recognized my voice. "And even quicker than I expected. I figured the best place to start was half-way between the Penhill road intersection and the county line. We dragged Calas along, and it turned out that we stopped about two hundred yards from where he had buried the body. One of those pure flukes that happen. When he saw where we were, he figured that somehow or other I knew just where the body was. That washed him up. He took us right to it. Buried about forty feet from the road, in a little grove of trees, and only about a foot deep. We would have found it in no time anyway, with the dogs. What's more, one of the cops checked with the stores along the road and found a general store about fifty miles back. The clerk sold a shovel just before closing time to a man answering Calas's description.

"My guess is that we'll get a signed confession out of Calas when he comes to. He passed out on the way back to the station with the body, and it doesn't look as though he'll come around again for quite a while."

Other criminologists, who admire Wilcox's unique feat, think that the criminal's unusual toughness itself explains, in a paradoxical way, why it was possible to trap him with the lie-detector despite his silence. The ordinary culprit, they say, would have gotten so panic-stricken that every question asked, no matter how innocent, might have brought a violent reaction in pulse-beat, sweat-discharge and electrical responses from the brain. It would have been impossible to read anything significant out of the graphs, whether the questions were answered or not. It was Calas's very self-control that resulted in the lie-detector giving amazingly regular and normal readings—up to the point where the automatic responses of his body betrayed him as Wilcox brought him closer and closer, on the maps, to the approximate scene of his crime. During the map-journey back to his murder, even this ironminded criminal could not maintain control over his own secret reflexes.

But Wilcox was mistaken about getting a confession. He even failed to see his man convicted. Calas swallowed poison, a week before he was to go on trial. The police think it was probably smuggled to him by his wife.

THIS MUNTZ JET PUBLICITY SHOT BELIES MADMAN'S CLAIM COMPANY HAS ONLY ONE MODEL AVAILABLE

THE MUNTZ JET

by Russell Sanford

THE MUNTZ JET, a sleek, low-slung sports car, is capable of accelerating from a standing start to sixty miles an hour in something under seven seconds, making it unique among American automobiles. Even this performance no more than equals that of its progenitor, Earl (Madman) Muntz, who as a used-car impresario, spent something plus or minus a million dollars advertising to prospective buyers that he was out of his mind. This publicity gambit returned handsome profits and encouraged Mr. Muntz, come television, to exploit his promotional talents in the new field with equal success. But in competition with the foreign sports-car maker, Muntz has preferred to act as though the manufacture and selling of an outstanding specialty car were a top-secret project.

Muntz, who was a midget racing car driver before moving on to the promotion of used cars and television sets, did not himself create the Muntz Jet. In California a mechanic of talent named Frank Kurtis had gauged the growing popularity of postwar sports cars and decided that what this country needed was a good $5,000 automobile that would outperform the Ferrari, the Alfa-Romeo and the Sunbeam-Talbot.

In 1949 Kurtis had such a car in small production and had, on the sandy stretch of Florida's Daytona Beach, demonstrated that, equipped with a Mercury engine, it would turn up a spanking 142.5 miles per hour. Within a year Kurtis had sold first, one of his cars, then his tools, dies and assets to Muntz. Within another six weeks the first complete car rolled out, powered by a stock Cadillac V-8 engine with Hydra-Matic Drive. The close-coupled Kurtis job, originally designed as a tough competition car, Muntz

Invitation to Speak

A column open to the world's leading spokesmen of all democratic causes.

this week

KATE SMITH,
America's Beloved Radio Personality

SPEAKS ON

"A DEBT TO THE PEOPLE"

We, the people of show business, have a tremendous opportunity to perform wonders for a worthy cause. We reach into all corners of the nation through the mediums of radio, the movies, the theatre and other forms of entertainment. We have the power to spread the tenets of true democracy. It is up to us to set a fine example in tolerance and understanding. It is up to us to spread the gospel of American liberalism into every nook and cranny of our land. This we can do by our actions in private life as well as by our professional work.

Many of the leading personalities in show business are doing fine work in promoting tolerance and good will between all people. I wonder if the others realize how they are overlooking a real public service by not adding their bit to this cause. We owe everything we are, or hope to be, to the public. We owe a debt to the people. Its payment will do much to make this country and this world a better place in which to live and thrive.

All opinions expressed in this series are not necessarily those of the Royal Metal Mfg. Co. . . . but are presented as a Public Service Feature in the true American tradition of free speech.

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lengthened to a wheelbase of 113 inches that would make room for a back seat in the American family-car tradition.

The next move was to bring the plant from Glendale, California to a North Sheffield avenue garage in Chicago. Unlike Preston Tucker, who, just after the war, had also picked Chicago as the seat of a fabulous auto-making operation, Muntz concentrated on producing and—unlike himself—deemphasized ballyhoo so far, that people clustered around the first curb-parked Muntz Jets to find out just what they were.

In launching this new car, Muntz chose a middle-of-the-road position between the needs of normal people who want a car of superlative performance and the maniacs who want to risk life and limb in the precarious business of speed competition. Muntz claims that the Jet is the safest car on the road and has a ponderable amount of evidence.

The frame of the car is a kind of skeletilized tank which surrounds the occupants in a welded steel structure. The body panels and fenders are superimposed on this to give sleek, aerodynamic lines which are not, in fact, necessary at all from a structural standpoint. The frame rides much closer to the ground than in any other American car, and passengers sit lower. An upset, short of sliding off a cliff, is virtually impossible.

Another safety feature is fore and aft balance, achieved by placing the engine behind the front axle, not over it. Ray Knox, an old associate to whom Muntz has turned over management of car-production, states that jacks in the center of the car will lift all four wheels off the road. This weight distribution increases cornering ability at high speeds and reduces pitch and roll.

Ever since some American automobile designer read the fable of the tortoise and the hare, domestic cars have more or less followed the contours of the former. The Muntz Jet has not, externally, broken with this concept, its lines rolling gently upward over rear fender and luggage compartment into smooth horizontals, then forward again in a similar curve to the front bumper. This is not a very exciting shape but it is clean and pleasing. Furthermore, it satisfies aerodynamic necessity, since at high speed, according to Mr. Knox, air pressure above has a tendency to press the car down firmly on the road, a further contribution to safety.

Muntz bumpers are massive, and are carried around both front and rear fenders in broad chromium band. These bumpers, incidentally, are fastened solidly to equally massive parts of the very solid frame. Mr. Knox showed us a Jet in the shop which, he told us, had plowed at 70 m.p.h. almost head-on into a standing car on Eden's Parkway. That it showed only minor external bruises was a tribute to the solidity of its construction and of its driver's head.

The first twenty-two Jets were built with Cadillac engines. In subsequent cars, the standard power unit has been a Lincoln V-8. This year the output of the factory engine has been stepped up from 160 to 205 h.p. delivered through a dual-range Hydra-Matic drive. Several Muntz modifications step this power up by ten to twenty horsepower, enough to propel the car at almost any speed the driver may elect; certainly beyond the capability of any American factory model, and probably equal to that of foreign sports cars.

THE COCKPIT is contrived to bring joy to the speed enthusiast and to delight his wife, too. A cluster of instruments just in front of the wheel is contained in a gleaming panel and includes a tachometer and oil temperature gauge. The right side of the dash is a padded safety panel of foam rubber encased in the same vinyl plastic that covers the seats — a real safety feature which is augmented by authentic safety belts of airplane type for both front seat riders.

Since seating is so low, the big transmission case forms a division and on this is placed what the British call a "squab," containing radio controls and a huge glove compartment, plus an arm rest for the driver.

The drive shaft in so low a car dictates that the rear seat be divided, making the Muntz a four-seater. The feet of rear passengers fit snugly between drive shaft and frame members in wells that permit little shifting of position and perhaps few friends of Muntz owners will want to tag along on extended jaunts. Luggage space would be adequate except that it must house the big fat spare tire carried horizontal-

ly. Ray Knox suggests that probably the 1954 model will carry the spare outside in a continental type transverse vertical shell.

Interior trim is available in an exceptional range of colors to harmonize (or not) with the wide range of unusual colors of outside paint from which the Jet owner may choose. (One of them is called Scarlet Pimpernel Red). The top of the Muntz Jet, a tube-framed form of great strength, can be detached easily by hand, making it an open car—in which case the vinyl upholstery will not be damaged by rain.

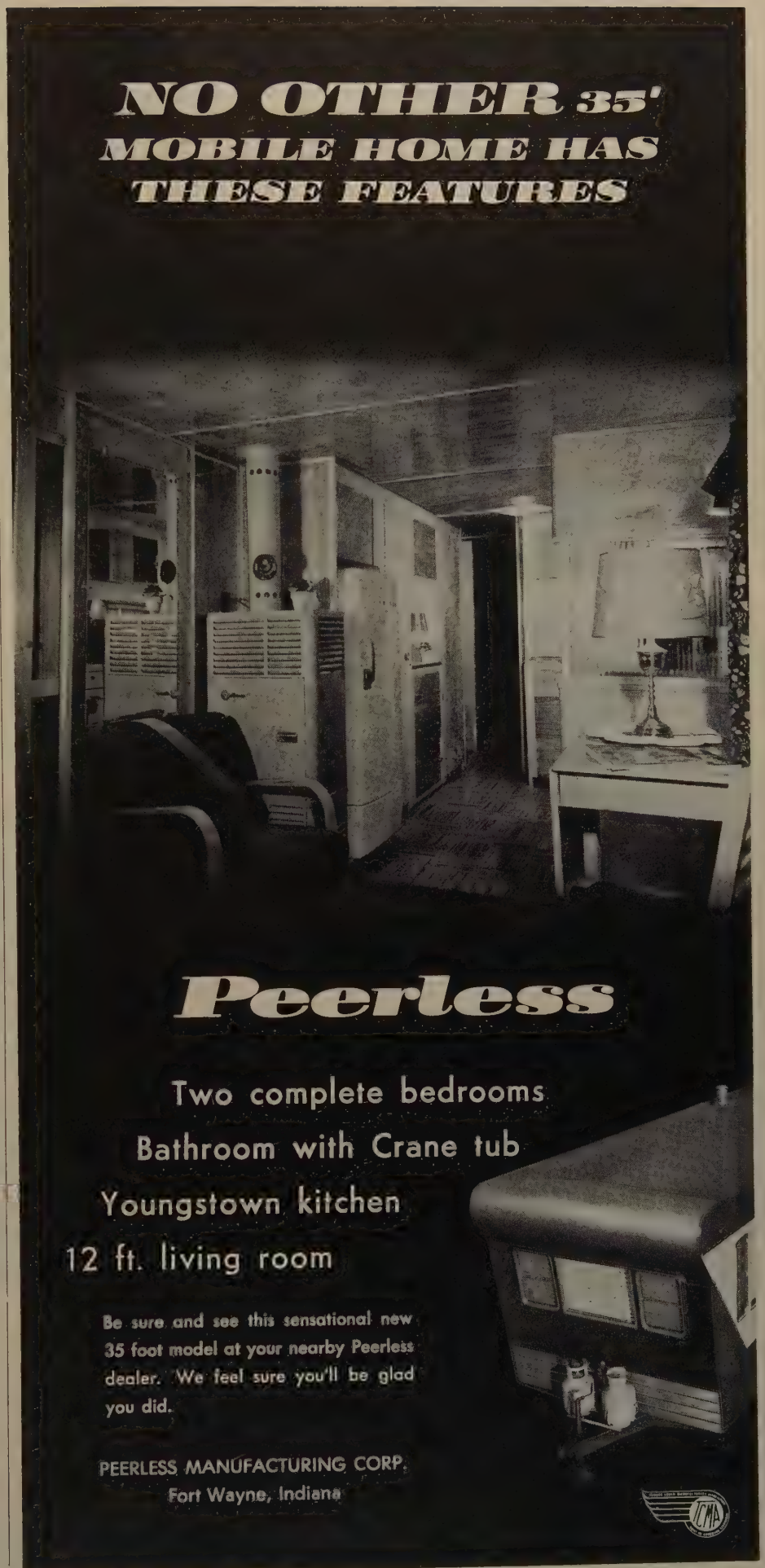
SOMETHING MORE than 400 jets have been built and sold, 139 of them last year. They are sold only at the Muntz Salesroom at 824 Diversey, a few blocks from the factory. The problem of service has been simplified by the fact that any Ford or Lincoln Service plant can take care of the Jet—except for a specially designed short, ten-leaf rear spring, all mechanical components are either by Ford or Lincoln.

A brief ride in the car, with Ray Knox at the wheel, gave the expected feel of exhilarating acceleration, plus the sense of stability that comes from compressing 3750 pounds of automobile in a package small indeed compared to the bulky product now favored in Detroit.

Muntz, who is now 38 years old, and Ray Knox, his intermittent business associate since their high school days, have no dreams of capturing a large segment of the American sports car market. Their ultimate production goal is no more than a thousand cars a year.

They have been making exhaustive experiments and tests of fiberglass bodies which are supposedly stronger than steel and much lighter. They don't dent and when, under terrific impact, they show cracks, these can be readily patched. They can also be made in far less time than the present hand-hammered shells. Muntz expects to introduce by mid-summer the first production-line bodies of this type in the industry and possibly double his present three-car-a-week output.

A suggestion that the Muntz Jet could be equipped with wings and take on the sky-writing assignment for Muntz TV brought a pensive look to the face of Ray Knox. If he mentions it to the Madman, who knows?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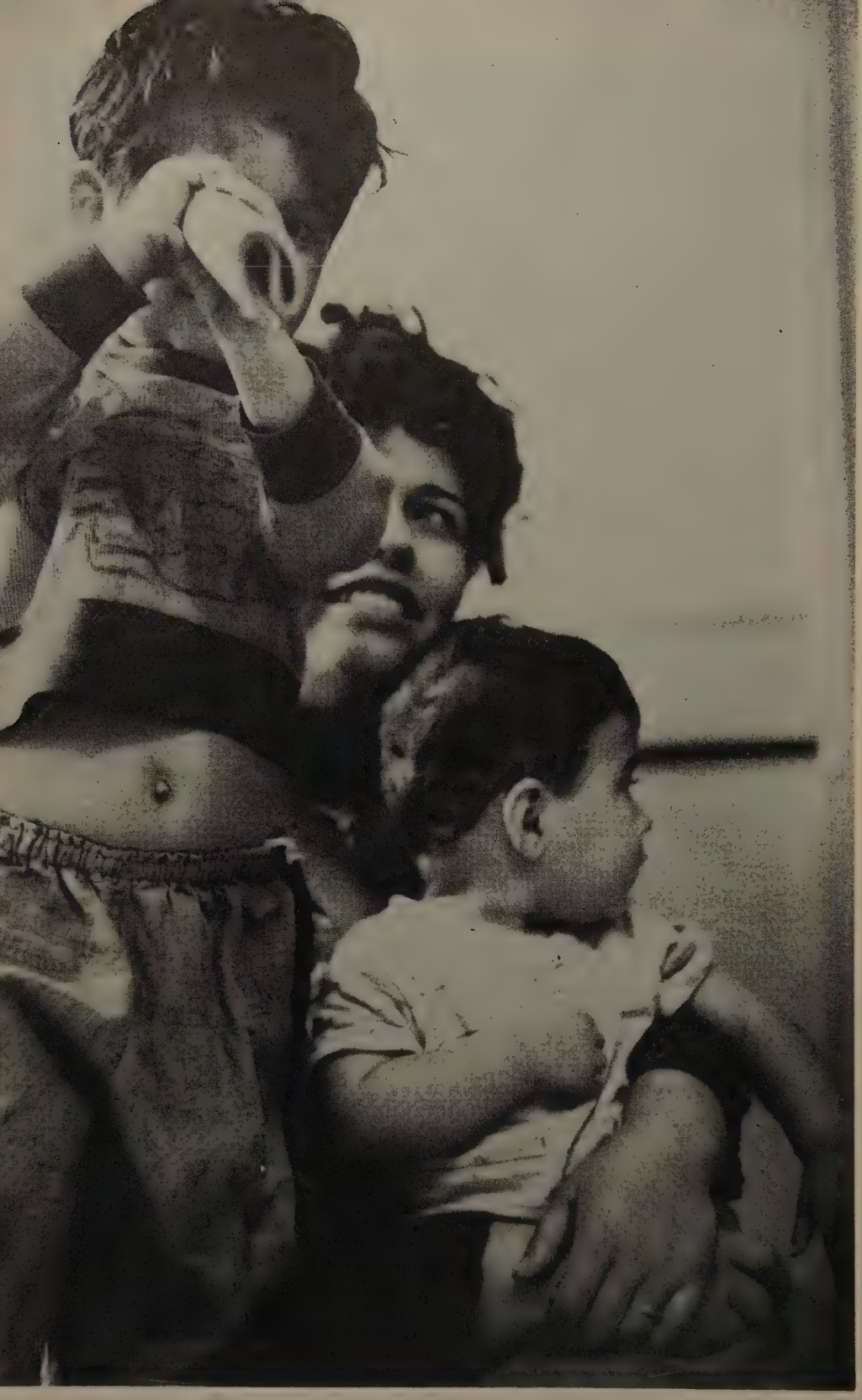
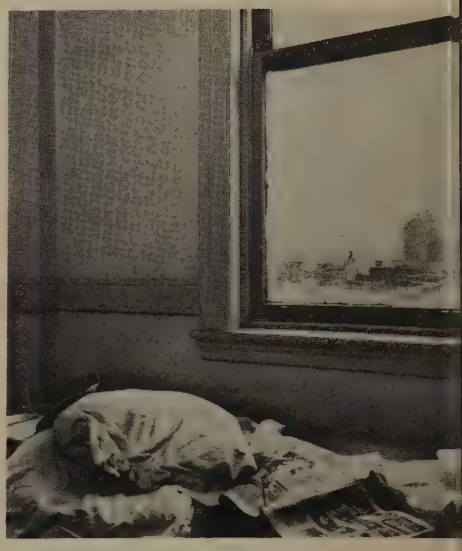
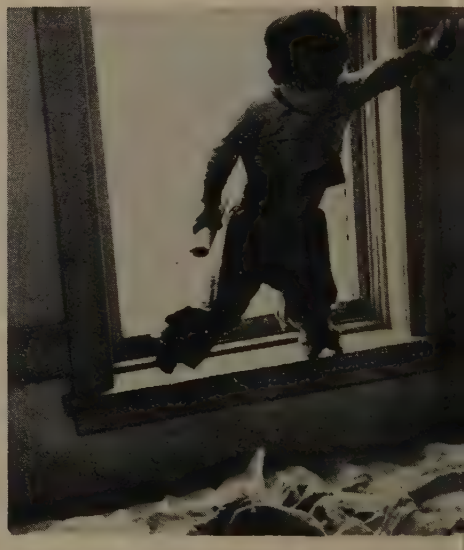




CRAMPED SPACE defeated Mrs. S
lares' efforts to keep one-room hom
tidy, as most housewives want to



WINDOW AND BED are used as on
available playground (above). Ya
(below) is piled with junk and so filt
Mrs. Solares won't let kids play in

FOUR YEARS AGO, Jesus Solares, a young Puerto Rican, came to Chicago to work, and proudly sent money back to San Juan so his wife Josefina (above, with sons Ramon and Miguelito) could join him. Then Jesus lost his job a few days before his family arrived, and had to put them in one room in a north side slum (bottom, left). Mrs. Solares stayed there, with Ramon and Miguelito. Jesus, drafted, went to Korea. By saving out of his allotment and earning money as a laundress, Mrs. Solares made out during the lonely years in a strange city. She even dreamed of moving into a nice home, which would be ready for Jesus when he was discharged. But Chicago ranks 14th among the 16 largest cities in public housing, with less than 12,000 dwelling units up.

Family's Happy Anniversary

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FELIPE CHANO & AL LOGINSKI, OF THE INSTITUTE OF DESIGN

BUT MRS. SOLARES was luckier than most slum dwellers. Last month there was a vacancy n the Frances Cabrini Homes on Hudson street. Two days after Mrs. Solares and the kids moved into their new home, Jesus, discharged, phoned from San Francisco. He sat down in he living room (above) four years to a day from the day Josefina had arrived in Chicago.

STILL AWED (above) by their new ome; Miguelito, overwhelmed, re- reats to bathroom (below). But now hey can safely play outdoors (right).

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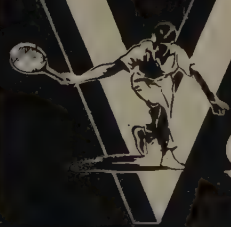

VICTOR SPORTS, Incorporated

5115 S. Millard Avenue, Chicago 32, Illinois

Barney & His Keglers

MRS. F.B.I. "A TOURNAMENT IS NOT A SUCCESS UNLESS I BAG HALF A DOZEN."

IF YOU'VE EVER bowled more than a dozen frames, you've heard of the "Junior Individual Bowling Classic," probably under its more familiar name, Barney's Tournament. If you're any good at all, you may have considered entering it yourself. But if you're *too* good, forget it. You're not eligible, and the chances are astronomical that Barney knows it, right down to the 230 game that brought your 1948 league average up to 190.

The Junior Individual Bowling Classic is an annual affair open to bowlers who have not, in the last five years, bowled higher than 186 in any league. It began in 1941, when 512 entrants competed for a total purse of $5,120. This year's party, staged at the Cascade Bowling Center on Madison street, drew 5,728 contestants, each of whom paid $18 for the privilege of going after some part of $67,000.

If you have a cynical turn of mind, you may question the sincerity of a wrestler's howl. But if you know Barney, you won't doubt the bona-fide, under-185 mediocrity of any one of his prize-winners. And if you yourself try to conceal an aptitude greater than that and enter the tournament, you will almost inevitably end up with your name in the paper followed by the word "Disqualified," exposing you as a wretch wherever the names Brunswick-Balke-Collander are revered.

Barney Hochstadter sees to that. Barney thought up the tournament, organized it, and owns it. He also has, perhaps, a little more than the average man's distaste for being gulled or bilked, and a healthy awareness that nothing could harm his tournament more than a suspicion that chiselers could get into it. As a result, he has developed methods of detecting the unworthy that amount to second sight, and it is a sanguine ringer indeed who believes he can get anything more than exercise out of the Junior Classic.

Barney's omniscience in regard to keglers and chiselers derives from a highly logical sequence of ideas:

1. If you have any skill at all at bowling, you will undoubtedly be inveigled into one or more of the

by Robert Cromie

many thousands of leagues into which keglers band.

2. If you bowl in any league, and particularly if you bowl well, some newspaper will report your standing at the end of the season; and a league secretary will certainly make a record of it.

3. If such a report or record exists, Barney will find it.

His major weapon is a filing system, kept in a one-room office on the second floor of the Cascade Bowling Center, arena for the Junior Classic since 1949. In those files Barney lists everyone who ever entered his tournament, with whatever league averages Barney can find for each man. Also kept, as completely as Barney can manage, are lists of all bowlers in the area who ever averaged 185 or better in a sanctioned league, regardless of whether they ever entered Barney's tournament. In two files, an active and an inactive one, are listed close to 30,000 names.

Barney also maintains close liaison with secretaries of bowling leagues in at least 60 other major cities, so that the status of a suspected prize winner can be determined in short order. And the office has yearbooks from many towns nearby, in which are listed the averages of every league bowler in those communities.

Tipsters play an important role in the Hochstadter espionage system, and several of his more important "catches" came as the result of a word or a note from some irate bowler who objected to being beaten by an entrant he knew to be dishonest.

One highly effective fence against the alley wolves is a tournament provision that before anything more important than a squad prize (at most $25) is paid, there must be in Barney's hands an affidavit, duly notarized, from the secretary of all leagues in which the winner has competed during the past five seasons. This must show that the bowler in question had an average below 186 for league play during that period.

As proof that this method works, Barney still has in his office seven unclaimed checks from the 1951 tourney and seven from 1952, ranging in amount from $10 to $70.

"Either they can't get their league secretaries to make out those sworn affidavits," Barney says grimly, "or the guys know they're wrong and won't ask for them."

Hochstadter estimates he has caught between 180 and 200 chiselers. (The term is used to include deliberate cheaters and those who err inadvertently).

He remembers well one of the first of the would-be chiselers he confronted. Barney got his name from a tipster, who reported that the man had been boasting that although his average was over 186, he was going to roll anyhow "because they never check up." In proof, the informer gave Barney a complete copy of the final standings in the miscreant's league. The accused's name was down for 188.

The man involved was a large one, about 6 feet 4, well over 200 pounds—and a steelworker. So it was with considerable reluctance that Barney brought up the subject of averages after the man's score won a squad prize and seemed likely to qualify for another $70 or so in the final standings.

"I looked up at him," Barney says, "ready to duck if necessary, and whipped out the record from my inside pocket. 'Isn't this your name?' I asked. He stuck out his big paw and grabbed my hand. I was all ready to duck, but he said:

" 'You're not mad at me, are you?' "

This reaction so intrigued Barney that the big man, whose later scores were under the 186 average, since has bowled in the tournament.

IN SOME CASES, when Barney either refuses to send out prize money or requests that a squad prize, paid before some illegality was discovered, be sent back, the chiseler goes into a rage or else sulks. One man, formerly a friend of Barney's, hasn't spoken to him for seven years. But in other cases they reply like this:

"Congratulations for the check-up. After all, this is what makes good tournaments and is the best advertisement you can have."

Not that Barney wasn't already aware of how good an advertisment his policing tactics are. For several years now the list of prize winners, printed in its entirety at the conclusion of each tournament, has carried also the names of winners disqualified and the amount forfeited by each. This has made genuine culprits angrier than ever, Barney finds, but has drawn nothing but compliments from the honest thousands who take part.

And the years have given Barney the same attitude found in any honest cop.

"It's a certain amount of satisfaction to catch those guys," he admits, "if you don't give a damn who they are."

Even what might seem an absurd precaution — marking on the entry blank and prize affidavits whether league scores were made right or left handed — turned out to be a wise one. This was made strikingly apparent a few years ago when a right-handed bowler's score was checked against the entry blank and it was found that while his league average was a permissible one, it was made left-handed. Barney, assuming that the man rolled as a southpaw all season solely for the purpose of qualifying for the Hochstadter, promptly disqualified him.

Again, Barney recently ousted an entrant whose league averages over several seasons showed that whenever he reached 186 he promptly dropped back to the allowed 185. Mrs. Bee Hochstadter, an iron-visaged lady known by her admirers as F.B.I., asked this schemer what had happened when he bowled only 432, some 120 pins under his average, during the final week of the league season and therefore slumped to 185.

" 'We were on alleys one and two,' " she sardonically reports him as saying, " 'and those are graveyards.' I told him: 'Oh no they aren't. You did it deliberately.' He's now over 200 in two leagues since we threw him out of our tournament."

Assuming a bowler wins the top Junior Classic prize of $4,000, a squad prize of $25, the $2,000 for single high game, and all four rolloff games, which are worth $500 each and another $500 for total, he would collect $8,525 for an entry fee of $18 and the expenditure of about three hours' time. Since this is an even more attractive proposition than making nine straight passes at craps, which would bring approximately the same return for a comparable

initial risk, it is easy to see why some of those barred by Barney are irked.

As you can see, Barney's wife, with whom he once won the Chicago Daily News husband-wife tournament, shares his detestation of genuine chiselers.

"I could knock 'em all in the head," she says. "There'll be a lot of them thrown out this year if I have anything to say about it. Those fellows who win $25 or $30 every year should be out, too. Why should they cheat the little guys? To me a tournament isn't a success unless I bag half a dozen."

HOCHSTADTER was born in Chicago 57 years ago, set pins as a lad, and after serving in World War I, began working for the Universal bowling alley at Milwaukee and North avenues. He helped organize a few leagues and averaged about 195 in one of them. In 1926 he had an idea for running a tournament in five classes, to lure more bowlers, and sold it to the old *Post*.

The event, known as the Evening Post's No-Entry Fee tournament, drew about 1,800 the first year and 5,400 the fifth and last. All the bowlers paid, for a chance at a total purse of $2,500, was $1.25 for use of the alleys.

The *Post* folded in 1932, and Hochstadter went to work for Ray (Cracker) Schalk, former White Sox catcher and manager, at the Schalk-Stevenson alleys — again running a tournament, this time for the Southtown *Economist,* which drew 2,900 entries the first year. Then he got his own alley, and with Mrs. Hochstadter's encouragement the Junior Classic came into being.

Barney's bowlers come largely from Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio and Iowa, but he's had entrants from Wyoming, Arizona, Louisiana, New York, New Jersey, Nevada, and enough other states to total 27, as well as from Vancouver, B.C.

No Junior Classic bowler ever has rolled a perfect 300 game. The highest is 289 and the lowest, so far as Barney can recall, 90. The top winning score was 1,728, or 31 pins per game over the winner's 185 average. The lowest (non-winning) series was about 960, an average of 120. The lowest league average held by an entrant was 141, and Barney finds that almost without exception bowlers who just reach or barely top their league averages in the Junior Classic make the same remark:

"I bowled lousy."

No lefthander ever has won the Hochstadter, although a southpaw from Pittsburgh once finished fourth. This particular chap had developed a habit, after completing his tenth frame, of touching the foul line with his toe to indicate that the pinboy should rack the pins. He did this during the tournament and it cost him nine pins as a technical foul. Barney feels he probably has given up the habit by now.

Ages of the competitors vary from 16 to the 70s. The 16 year old, incidentally, did very well his first year but thereupon boosted his league average to inadmissible heights. Some septuagenarians have won a little. Other entrants are handicapped by being deaf mutes, by the loss of an arm or leg, or by other bodily defects. Some are unable to take the usual run to the foul line, simply stand still, swing their arm, and let fly.

Barney has no way of knowing the income bracket in which his patrons belong, but says: "It doesn't matter if you're a banker or a clerk if you can bowl on a par with someone else. Bowling is democratic, more or less."

Jack Ripple, Barney's publicity man, remembers one youngster from St. Louis who showed up so broke he couldn't put down a one dollar deposit on the shoes he requested. Ripple and the girl in charge waived the deposit, the fellowed bowled, grinned, and departed, still broke.

"I was pulling for him like hell," says Ripple, "but he didn't do anything. He didn't care. He was young."

Women are not eligible to roll in the Junior Classic.

"I have enough trouble with the men," says Barney, "why should I invite women, too?"

As a result of Barney's untiring pursuit of chiselers, a feeling has grown up among the Junior Classics 'regulars' (and some have entered every year) that the tournament is as much theirs as Barney's. He's even had a note from a small winner caught for some illegality, which said:

"Glad to shoot in a tournament where you know they check the averages."

Only this toothbrush in its glass tube gives you all the protection you need: It's sealed in with an anti-bacterial vapor and shaped to fit your teeth for perfect cleansing.

Down into that tube, when your Dr. West's was packaged, went a special anti-bacterial chemical that soon vaporized into every tuft and bristle. Isn't it good to know Dr. West's does such things to an instrument so personal? In cleaning teeth, too, this brush has no equal. Ask any of its millions of users!

Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft

60¢

Cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, IN BETWEEN

She Was Poor But She Was Honest

by Ben Park

THERE ARE a number of possible reactions which a person might have upon receiving in the mail the following items: one dried hydrangea, a broken cookie, two acorns and oak leaves, a dead beetle, a doll mirror, three pine cones, a bean bag, an ear of corn, and a small box containing a walnut, a hickory nut, and one cancelled ten-cent stamp.

The particular person who received these items in the course of recent weeks had quite a simple reaction. It proves, she concluded happily, that you get back what you give. The little museum of oddities that forms on her desk after the morning mail-delivery is a tribute from one of the most potent audiences in television (ask the sponsors) to a performer who has convinced them that she shares their excitements and interests, and can even stimulate them.

Her name, of course, is Frances Horwich. Her story is the latest illustration of why Chicago television is what it is, or was, or may be again. It begins, as you prefer, with Burr Tillstrom, or with Dave Garroway and Ted Mills, the producer. (The latter's name, unknown to most viewers, is very familiar to the people in the business and/or art of television). And it goes back to what already is beginning to seem a remote period—four years ago.

"Miss Frances" is in lineal descent from Tillstrom, in the sense that he first demonstrated how lightly the right kind of personality could carry the stupefying technological weight of television with little more than two hands and a voice. But in terms of the peculiar challenges and triumphs of the Chicago School, there is some logic in starting with Garroway At Large, which met the problem of translating a whole range of talents from radio, stage and cinematography into a new medium which was all set to go, if it only knew where.

The flowering of the Chicago School of Television began in April, 1949, and its great secret was that it was broke. Already, in 1949, a nighttime variety show like Milton Berle's was ticketed at about $25,000 per week, and a year later the two-hour Saturday Night Review—consisting of the Jack Carter Show and Your Show of Shows—was reported to cost around $85,000 per week, which works out at $17,000 per half hour.

The out-of-pocket budget for Garroway At Large during its first year was just $250 per week. That included $100 for sets, $25 for a fairly well-known radio disc-jockey named Dave Garroway, and $10 each for Connie Russell, Cliff Norton, Jack Haskell and Bette Chapel. There was nothing for guest talent. The network, which sustained the show, threw in an excellent staff orchestra—with a warning: no overtime.

The great distinction of Garroway At Large, apart from its luck in starting out broke, was that its people were totally unencumbered with any knowledge of the television medium. This was true of the whole crew with the exception of Ted Mills, and if Mills had never done another thing, he would still deserve great credit for his first decision about Garroway At Large. Unable to buy any of the trappings of the older entertainment forms, faced with an army of co-workers as ignorant as they were enthusiastic, he said: "All right—that's the show."

And he meant the ignorance, the enthusiasm, the unencumbered television. He realized that his audience was only a little less acquainted with the medium than the kids who were going to put the show on the air. The directors and the actors had only to translate their own wonder, surprise and delight about television directly to the viewers.

So Garroway and his friends looked into the camera, and out of the picture tube, as respectful and charming visitors who asked only to be your guide in the weekly excursions provided by what was to him a two-way idea: he and his friends were in your house—but the little magic window made it possible to show you the fantastic things that went on in their house, too.

One night Dave presented a length of black tubing, suspiciously like ordinary garden hose. He announced that it was the coaxial cable. Wasn't it wonderful how the things he was doing and saying were reaching you because of all the little electrons pushing their way through this handy old

tube? Suddenly he noticed that the show was running long, was almost off the air. "How do you stop the show?" he shouted.

Simple. Just cut the coaxial cable. Dave seized a fire axe, swung mightily, and as the axe fell and sundered the "cable," the screen went black.

Over the sudden blackout, much noise and confusion. "What happened?" "Who turned out the lights?" "Somebody do something. . ."

In a few seconds, the picture sprang back to life. Garroway was holding the "cable," its two ends bandaged together with a handkerchief. "Lucky I got this thing together again," he said. "I forgot to tell you this program came to you from Chicago." With that, the "cable" was wrenched apart again, blackness, and an NBC station break followed it.

This kind of spoofing of television was only the most obvious way in which the program related itself moment-by-moment to its medium. Garroway was perfect for this kind of humor, simple, natural, direct—less subtle than radio (which demands all of one sense), less resourceful than cinema (which can go anywhere and do anything)—but more immediate, more with you here and now, than either. An open-faced, honest, likable fellow of a ready but humble intelligence, Garroway's personal qualities made him believeable—and acceptable. So he made things fun that formerly had been made fun of—modern art, for example, or extreme forms of jazz. One felt that if this acceptable fellow liked a thing, the thing bore some looking into.

Most important of all, as Garroway At Large matured, it grew in understanding of itself. Delighted by the miracle of a real, fully-equipped television studio, the show shared its own delight with its audience. Special effects, trick musical arrangements, virtuoso perfomances of all sorts, were explained by Garroway, who shared his audience's wide-eyed appreciation of the wonder of it all. And when the show went in for serious moments, it dropped its tongue-in-tube attitude, or its boisterous naivete, and the performers, moved themselves, moved the audience by a poignant story or a compassionate appeal.

Burr Tillstrom's program was the result of the talent of one man

N.B.C.

AS GARROWAY DID IT, THE PROCESS OF EXPLORING THE MEDIUM BECAME FUN

alone: Garroway At Large was significant in the history of the "Chicago School" because it was a concert of talent, ideas, hard work and improvisation. And because it was the pacemaker for a number of later shows—Hawkins Falls, Stud's Place, Magic Slate, Mr. Wizard—which had the courage to let the medium shape the form of the production, and explore, excitingly, its own possibilities. "Chicago School" ought to be a misnomer, for the style of television it brought forth could exist anywhere an intelligent and creative group are forced, or allowed, to turn to the qualities of the medium itself for entertainment values. This possibility dies the moment a sponsor with lots of money to throw around wants something "like on the Nitwit Show" or "just the way Foolhardy did it Sunday night." Fortunately, local television will probably be always short of change, and therefore forced from time to time to substitute talent.

"Miss Frances" has captured more people, as Tillstrom and Garroway did, by concentrating at first on a few kinds—three-year-olds and their mothers, people who like imaginary pixies, people who like flesh-and-blood pixies—than most shows which embrace everyone and everything.

These facts—that there are many audiences, not one; and that the faults of television lie not in the medium, but in the people who produce, and the people who pay for, mere bigness—are the sole, and sufficient, justification of "Chicago Unlimited," the group of TV producers, writers and actors who are trying to bring the gospel to the advertising agencies and sponsors with whom, from a business point of view, the future of television rests.

The little band of local pioneers didn't know it, but they were writing television's testament, and even though their shows go off, the testament remains. They'd done it without money. They'd done it honestly. It can be done again.

Things for children?
Here are plenty

For the ones
from one to twenty!

The Know-It-Owl says:

LOOK in the
YELLOW PAGES

—the **CLASSIFIED** section
of your telephone directory—

for • **DIAPER SUPPLY SERVICE**
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• **TOYS**
• **BICYCLES**

Eating Out

IN THESE DAYS when it's hard to tell the prices on a de luxe menu from your tax bill, more and more adventurous eaters are prowling afield for the proverbial paradise upstairs, the little "undiscovered" restaurant. Once the economy-size gourmet finds such a spot, he usually breathes the good word to a few friends, adding "I'll give you the address, but don't tell anyone else . . ." We've been conducting our own private expeditions in this field, but unlike most Columbuses of the cuisine, we're going to shout out the good news. If you've a taste for the exotic, plus a good sense of location, here are a few favorites we just can't keep secret.

Our first choice, **Teddy's,** can hardly be called a new discovery, since it's been around for over 22 years. But because of its out-of-the-way location, (1014 South Halsted), it keeps getting lost and rediscovered. Inside, Teddy's more than slightly resembles an upstairs, reconverted speakeasy. A huge cavern of a room lit by stalagmite candles in clotted bowls, it's rimmed with a frieze of photographs of all the notables of stage, screen, radio, politics, press and sports who have discovered it over the years. Quite a frieze, too, for Teddy Mack (short for Mazola), a municipal court bailiff-turned-restaurateur, knows an impressive collection of celebrities and just plain people with appetites who appreciate his food, Teddy himself, a stoic looking man with a cigar perpetually gripped in the corner of his mouth, is not always around these days. His brother, Ray, however, is all that a good host should be.

Teddy's is distinctly not a place to be considered for a light repast. It's for ravening wolves so skimp on lunch the day of your visit. Dinner should start with Teddy's special antipasto, a huge lazy susan with the usual antipasto components, plus shrimp and a few other Teddy Mack inspirations. Next, the cheese cart is wheeled in, piled high with slabs and bricks and rounds of nine or ten different varieties of cheeses, including gorgonzola, Fontina and provolone. And just to thoroughly confuse you, a relish cart with monstrous jars of pickled egg plant, broken olives steeped in broth with celery, garlic and oregano, huge spiced pimentos, and that standby of every Italian household, hot banana peppers.

For the "something bland" you'll want to follow, try Teddy's escarole soup with thick clots of escarole swelling out of the broth,

delicious and soothing to red hot palates!

Chicken a la Teddy, the specialty of the house, is a "must." It's Teddy's version, and, he claims, the authentic version of chicken cacciatore, cooked in marsala wine instead of the usual tomatoes. However, as a concession to public misunderstanding, chicken cacciatore with tomatoes is also on Teddy's menu.

Then, of course, a tossed salad with the house's special garlic dressing, and hot, pungent garlic bread to keep it company.

Be sure to save room for dessert—spumoni with Zabaglione sauce. Spumoni is spumoni, but Zabaglione sauce is nectar, a thickened alcoholic eggnog, rich enough to stand alone, and frequently served that way! At Teddy's it's brought to your table aflame, for an extra festive touch. And at last, carts of fruits, nuts, Italian cookies, pastries and espresso coffee—just about the best in the city.

For this feast, you'll pay about $4, plus the cost of the Zabaglione sauce. One of these dollars will be for the antipasto carts and the other three for everything from the salad through the espresso. Any drinks you order will be excellent and quite reasonable.

To anyone interested in an early Greek version—free—of the Rorshach Test, as the windup of a flavorsomely exotic meal, we commend a place at 55 west Washington, in the heart of the loop, and up a flight of stairs, called the **Grecian Terrace.** Don't let the gaudy neon sign fool you; its Greek dishes are excellent, its menu varied enough to please the most exacting gourmet. And no wonder; Nick Lazos, its owner and chef-trainer learned about cooking many years ago as an assistant to his uncle, Chief Chef for the King of Greece.

To many, Greek food is an entirely novel experience, and for these novices, the Grecian Terrace suggests Pekelia Fageton. This is a combination of five different Greek foods, a hearty dish, with enough variety to give the initiate a good idea of what Greek food is like.

For more experienced gourmets, there is Dolmades Avgolemono, a spicy chopped lamb and rice combination wrapped in vine leaves and covered with a sauce of lemon and eggs. Or, if your prefer, Spanokopeta, a spinach and cheese pie, another favorite with the Greek clientele. You'll want to try Greek salad, intresting and flavorful, and of course, a Greek dessert. Most famous and deservedly popular is Baklava, the specialty of the house, layers of rich flaky thin pastry, filled with honey and chopped nuts and glazed with honey . . . delicious. Turkish coffee, if you decide to order it rather than the standard coffee, is thick and bitter, requiring heavy sweetening for sugar addicts.

What was that about the Rorshach Test? Oh—bring your favorite psychiatrist along and introduce him to the Levantine custom of telling your fortune in the patterns of the thick dregs. This amounts to something of an after-dinner Rorshach good for some interesting after-dinner conversation and less expensive than the real thing.

A spot in the university vicinity is **Lowengard's,** recessed quietly and residentially at 5231 south Kimbark. The whole Lowengard family is in on this project—Mr., Mrs., and two attractive daughters, who left Germany 14 years ago with some of the best recipes in the vicinity of Hamburg. Desserts are their special pride and joy, especially the cheesecake and apple sharlet. Dinner costs $1.35 to $2.25. Stay out of this place unless you are half-starved, because the homey atmosphere is a foretaste of the mountains of food to be heaped in front of you.

There are several smorgasbord places in town, but one of the least known and best is **Idrott's,** at 3206 north Wilton, near Belmont. This is in the heart of a Scandinavian neighborhood, and its owner, Everet Johansson, specializes in smorgasbord, and for $2 will allow you to gorge yourself on a tempting array of Swedish hors d'oeuvres set on a table of banquet proportions. If you prefer a dinner, the house is especially proud of its prime ribs of beef and its Swedish meat balls. Prices range from $1.50 to $2.50 . . . 90c extra if you want smorgasbord first. With smorgasbord alone, incidentally, coffee and dessert are included in the $2 price. Next door, in the pastry shop associated with the restaurant, you can buy exceptional coffee cakes and the Swedish Christmas cake.

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Fashions

FOR ANYONE seeking more than routine success as a maker of better clothes for women, there are a few rules which the trade accepts as axioms. The possible locations are New York and California; with some glittering exceptions, the orders go to the dressmakers most skillful in adapting Paris fashions.

Eisenberg & Sons, whose ateliers and sales organization are on the fifth floor of the old Boston Store on State st., have been sneering at these axioms for 38 years, and, in consequence, have become the largest makers of women's "better dresses" west of the Hudson. Last year 50,000 "Eisenberg Originals" were on display at country club dances, theatre parties and other occasions, casual and formal. All of them were sold on the explicit boast: "This is not a Paris copy."

"What is original about a Paris gown pictured in every fashion magazine and copied by most manufacturers?" asks Sam Eisenberg, the firm's vice-president in charge of manufacturing. (His brother, Harold, is president and sales manager.) "We've got our own designers and we build our business on our own designs. You're never going to get anywhere if you copy the other fellow's ingenuity."

The Eisenbergs' own ingenuity is focused on a style of designing that emphasizes classic lines, ignores fads, and pays persnickety attention to detail — intricate embroidery, artistry with bead, sequin and trapunta, adroit tucking, pleating and cording.

The typical purchaser of an Eisenberg Original is a woman of means and conservative tastes who wants clothes that will wear. She is an older woman ("because young ones usually can't afford our clothes") but wants youthful styling. She wears a size 12 to 20, probably has a sports wardrobe from Eisenberg and at least one formal Eisenberg gown. She is a frequent passenger in the special elevator which Field's runs to its "28 Shop," and a familiar customer in Carson's "North Room" and Stevens' "Designer's Shop." She is, notably, a woman who wants style, but on her own terms.

"This summer everyone else will be selling dresses that look like slips," Mr. Eisenberg pointed out disparagingly. "It's the darnedest think you ever saw. They're all cut off on the top with no sleeves, and most women don't have the arms to wear things like that. We tried that last summer when the trend started, but the women were complaining. They wanted something to cover the upper part of their arms, that get a little heavy as the years go by. So we're not making slips for dresses this summer. We're making dresses with little sleeves."

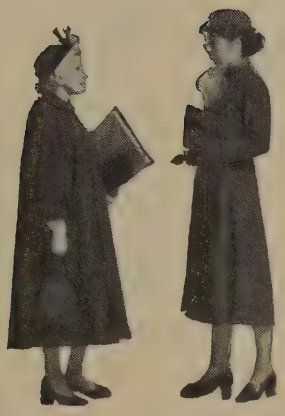
Eisenberg Originals are sold only in cities of at least 25,000 population, and on an exclusive franchise to one store. (There are a few exceptions: Field's, Carson's and Stevens' all carry the firm's creations locally, as do a few Michigan Boulevard shops; in New York, they are sold by Franklin Simon, Bonwit Teller, The Tailored Woman.)

An Eisenberg cotton dress retails at $49.95 or more, a late-afternoon dress at around $150, a suit up to $300. The firm also markets blouses, stoles, scarfs, cosmetics and jewelry.

SWEATERS, with their soft warmth, are a blessing these cool spring days. They change-about with blouses and suit-jackets, and take on party manners when thrown over bare-shouldered dresses for informal parties and spectator sports.

Cashmere, the aristocrat of all sweaters, gives great warmth with thistledown lightness — and wearing one gives a sense of well-being and luxury. Prices on these sweaters run a litle higher than the average garment because they are made of imported fleece.

Your sweater may carry a tag from Scotland, England or Austria, where the cleaning, spinning and weaving of fine cashmere goes on. But the fleece itself comes a long journey — all the way, in the case of the finest grades, from China, Mongolia, Manchuria and Tibet. (The name itself comes from the vale of Kashmir in India.) It's produced only by a small, spry goat that lives at fantastic heights in the mountains of



Listen!

...wherever women get together, the new motion picture, "Breast Self-Examination" is news! ... at neighborhood and civic centers ... in factories and business offices ... at social, fraternal and service meetings, we are showing this film to countless thousands of American women.

If you don't know where you can see this film, telephone the American Cancer Society office nearest you, or address your letter to "Cancer" in care of your local Post Office. An A.C.S. educational program may save the lives of many of your neighbors, fellow-workers or friends.

American Cancer Society

Central Asia — and the sparser the vegetation in its remote haunts, the thinner and finer its fleece.

The cashmere goat is never shorn by the native goat-hunting guilds that spend their lives (and pass their skills from father to son) tracking it down on its mountain ledges and collecting its fleece for you. Instead, it's plucked or combed out by hand. Even bits clinging to shrubs on which the animal has scratched itself are carefully salvaged, before it is moved by yak, camel, raft and coolie-power to the ocean ports that freight it to the world markets.

An entire year's yield from four to six animals is needed for a single sweater (a male produces 4 ounces, a female about 2 ounces a year.) The natural shades are gray, brown, and white, which is the rarest of all and brings a premium price.

The set currently shown by Jantzen is 100% pure cashmere fleece (remember that there are some mixtures on the market). Imported from the British Zone, Vienna, it is hand-finished and full-fashioned. That means hand-made buttonholes and hand-sewn necks. There is no stretch and no sag. There are assorted colors. (At Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., $27.50; decorated, up to $55.00.)

Marshall Field has introduced an attractive variation in the use of this fleece — cashmere stoles, which don't bunch up, as you might fear, and have a note of originality and elegance. (On the first floor, priced at $27.50.)

If you're tempted to postpone adding another piece of cashmere to your wardrobe, remember what we said about where it comes from. There's no guarantee, the way Asian politics are developing, that the little mountain goat won't eventually be declared an exploited victim of the decadent capitalists, and his fleece reserved for the wives of Commissars.

Brilliantly colored accessories may be hard to find, but they're easy to *dye* with All Purpose Rit. Try dipping gloves in vivid Rit Scarlet or tinting slippers to match your dancing dress. Or set a plain pearl necklace a-glow with precious color. Simple directions in every box of All Purpose Rit—America's favorite tint and dye.

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Mail Order

Album of Magnetic Animals was designed by architect Arthur Carrara to give the four-to-seven set an adventure in creativeness. To Carrara, the album is a means of encouraging young children in exercising initiative and imagination. To mothers, it's far more than that, for the album keeps pint-sized cowpokes and space patrollers quietly occupied for hour after hour, day after day. To the children, it's just lots of fun! The album resembles a thick record album and can be easily stored in bookcase or toy chest when not in use. Out of the heavy cardboard pages of the book come a plump black elephant, a long-necked yellow giraffe and a low-slung dog. These animals look much like any other punch-outs . . . except they are minus such vital parts as eyes, ears, tails, legs and feet. And here's where the creative fun begins. The child supplies these items from an assortment of colored metal pieces and permanent magnets that are also found in the album. And he can design creative or abstract animals to suit his fancy. Later, the cardboard forms will probably be abandoned in favor of complete inventiveness with just the magnets and metal. Concocting forms from the magnets and metal has appeal for older brothers and sisters up to 12-years of age, and even teens and fathers enjoy an occasional "adventure" with the album. Especially recommended for play schools and nurseries.

Price: $4.45, ppd.

Order from: Carradan Associates, 154 East Erie, Chicago, Ill.

Delivery: Immediately.

Canister Capers answer the wail for "something new" for the bride, shower, house-warming and hostess gift. The set of four (for flour, sugar, coffee, tea or what-you-will) are hand-painted to give spice to the kitchen, a decorator look to the decor. In early American design or gay, modern multicolor stripes, or send sample of kitchen wall paper to be copied on canisters. Canisters can also be personalized with initials of the lady of the house and painted to blend or contrast with the kitchen's color scheme.

Price: $12.50 for set of 4, postpaid. No C.O.D's.

Order From: Jackie McNally, Rt. No. 2, Box 208, Arlington Heights, Ill.

Delivery: 3 weeks.

Include: Wallpaper sample, color scheme samples or initials.

Hickory Smoked Ham to tease and tickle the olfactory sense and taste buds of even the most persnickity gourmet. A delight for anyone who likes to eat! Cured and smoked in the same way Midwest farmers have been doing since they took the Fox River Valley, the ham spends long weeks soaking in brine in oaken barrels. Then it hangs for quite a spell in the smoke house while hickory and appleweed smoke penetrate right down to the center. The results: ham what really am! Vacuum wrapped to hold every speck of flavor from cure to carving. Average weight, about 11 pounds.

Price: $10.50, prepaid.

Order From: Fin 'n Feather Farm, R.F.D. No. 1, Dundee, Illinois.

Delivery: Immediately.

Personalized Candles add that unmistakably elegant note to the dining table of club or home. One of the gifts a bride isn't likely to get in triplicate, too. (And what if she does? She can always use 'em.) Slim white tapers, 12" long, with a single letter monogram surrounded by a wreath of wheat. Monogram and wreath in sterling silver leaf wax or 22-carat gold leaf wax. Hand-dipped and imported from Germany.

Price: $2.50 for set of 4; $4.75 for 8; postpaid.

Order From: Artisan Galleries, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Include: Initials wanted.

Delivery: Immediately.

Your Very Own Hand Stamp makes it a simple matter to mark plain envelopes and note paper, even two-penny postals. Takes up so little space in your desk, Hand-Stamp is neat and easy to use. Lower half of box is ink pad, top holds your identification. Just press the two together, imprint stamp on stationery and you're clearly known to any receiver. For small businesses, clubs and little theatre groups, too.

Price: $2, postpaid. No C.O.D's.

Order From: Giftcraft, 1234 E. 47th Chicago 5, Ill.

Delivery: Two weeks.

Include: Name and address as you want it to appear on stamp.

HOME-MADE ANIMALS—CREATIVE FUN

Shopping Hints

One offhand feat of television has been to cause a boom in parakeets of such scope that they now outsell all other birds in their price class. This was accomplished by putting the "budgies" on video programs, where millions of people have seen how well they can talk and sing.

As Clarence Hoffmann of the Animal Kingdom (3021 north Milwaukee avenue) says: "Most people had the idea they were just love birds and only interested in each other. They bought them in pairs, and when one bird died, they rushed out to buy another because they were afraid the remaining partner would die of a broken heart.

"Then they discovered that a single bird was really something when it was all by its lonesome. With a mate, it only mimicked the mate's sounds. But alone it imitates all sorts of human talk."

Parakeets, it seems, are much smarter than their cousin, the parrot. Some have picked up from 300 to 500 words, which is not much less than most of us have in our ordinary vocabulary. Their voices are softer than the parrot's, and they imitate the tones of the human voices they hear.

The man on the flying trapeze has little on the parakeet when it comes to swinging. He can also walk a tightrope, climb ladders like an apprentice fireman, and stand on a lighted cigarette. In short, any pet-shop man will tell you that this bird can do anything any other cage-bird does, do it better, and do it longer. Parakeets are hardy, and many live to the ripe age of 20. (Currently an international gang is reported to be making big money by smuggling them from Australia).

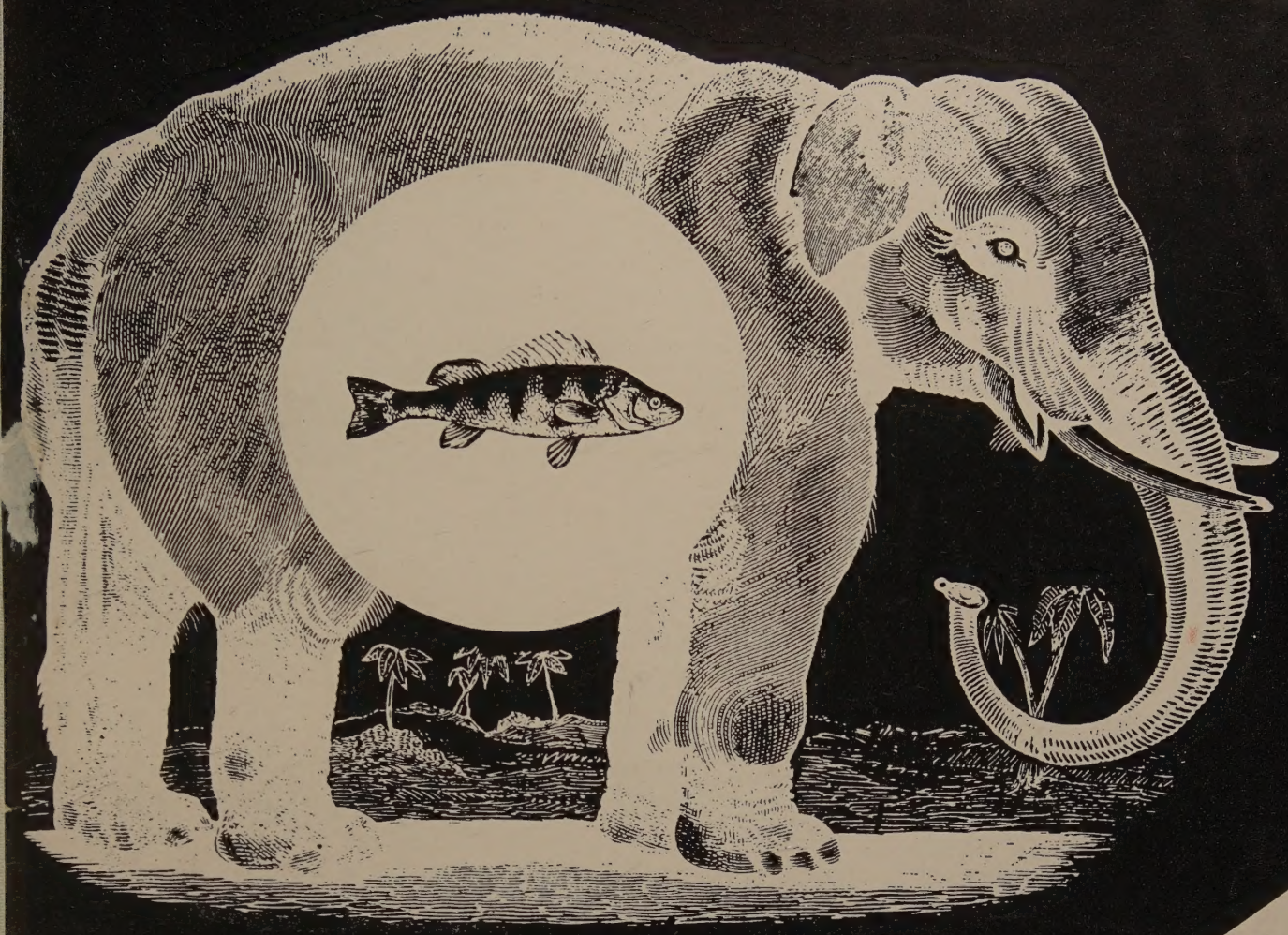
According to Miss Mary Urbon, manager of Brown's Pet Shop, 4816 north Pulaski road, the birds have been building up in popularity even more since the turn of the year: "Nowadays, all the shops are doing a landoffice business in them."

Raymond Graham, manager of the Hyde Park Pet Shop, 5421 south Lake Park, breeds parakeets himself, instead of depending on importers. The birds come in white, chartreuse, blue and green, but the new breeders, to stimulate the demand, breed for red and other brilliant new colors.

No matter what the shade of his budgie's plumage, any owner will tell you that $12.50—the going price at most dealers—is a fair shake just for the fun of taking the bird home and putting it in front of a mirror. If there's no mate for it, a budgie will quickly fall in love with its own image, and start chirping and crooning sentimentally to it.

The editors of CHICAGO *take pleasure in presenting you with this sample copy of the pilot issue. They will appreciate any comments or suggestions you may have after looking through it.*

The production schedule of CHICAGO *is now fixed and the date of the first published issue will be announced shortly.*



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All the editorial content, in short, which adds up to entertainment, but entertainment for those who want it with spice as well as sugar, who are prepared to welcome a magazine that, along with a springy step and a ready sense of humor, also has muscles, nerves and brains.

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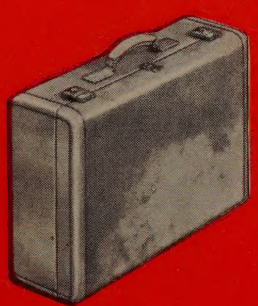
Does she know of such beauty in luggage?



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